The Outlook

JANUARY 26, 1921

THE FIRST REAL TEST OF MR. HARDING

MR. HARDING is going to be judged by the Cabinet he selects. For several weeks he has been consulting at Marion with men of different minds. Very soon he will have to make his own decision. As Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt says in a letter published elsewhere in this issue, his choice will determine whether he will enter upon his term of office with the support of public confidence or the handicap of public disappointment.

Most Americans have no particular candidates for particular offices; but they know the type of men whom they wish to see in places of executive responsibility. Though they might prefer one to the other, they would regard, for example, either Mr. Root or Mr. Hughes as fit to be Secretary of State. But if Mr. X, whom they do not know, or Mr. Y, whom they know only as a successful and shrewd politician, or Mr. Z, whom they know only as the candidate of a group or class, were chosen for the premier post in the Cabinet, they would rightfully chalk up a large black mark against the incoming Administration.

Cabinets cannot wholly be chosen with a view to individual fitness any more than a football team can be chosen with a sole regard to the merits of individual stars. A Cabinet, like a football team, must be made up of men who are not only good individual players, but men who can be made to play the game together. So far, and not much farther, may political exigency be recognized. If we are not mistaken, the American electorate is in no frame of mind to be tolerant of the payment of political debts through placement in high office.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE VETERAN

THE Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Federal Board for Vocational Education have been under fire since their organization. Some of the criticism has been just; some has been unjust. Some of it has been put forward with the desire to help the men intrusted with the work of carrying on these two great agencies; some of the criticism has apparently been put forward out of spite and a desire for newspaper notoriety.

From a careful study of the situation we are convinced that the men in charge of these two bureaus are engaged wholeheartedly and devotedly in the task of rendering to the discharged veterans the greatest possible service of which they are capable. The chief blame for some of the unfortunate situations which have arisen apparently lies with the organic law under which these two Governmental agencies are operating. This is, in the main, the conclusion of the American Legion and the Joint Committee for Aid to Disabled Veterans, of which Mr. Henry L. Stimson, ex-Secretary of War, is chairman.

Both the Legion and this Committee point out the need of co-ordinating the work of the Bureau, the Board, and the Public Health Service under a single assistant secretary, whose whole duty shall be to eliminate friction and prevent duplication of effort. The Legion also points out the need for decentralization of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the need of taking the Bureau to the veteran rather than forcing, as at present, the veteran to go to the Bureau. The Federal Board for Vocational Education has adopted this policy and has successfully decentralized to the limit permitted under the present law. What the Board has accomplished is adequately and fairly summarized in an article which appears in this issue from the pen of Mr. J. P. Munroe.

It should be the first duty of the present Congress to provide for the co-ordination of all the agencies dealing with disabled and handicapped veterans. As the American Legion says, these men require medical treatment, vocational training, and financial support. As the Legion also shows, the Government has recognized these three needs, but has overlooked the fact that they are the simultaneous needs of one man, not of three different men or of one man at three different times. Until the agencies dealing with this threefold problem are united under a common head and are functioning smoothly and efficiently the Government of the United States will continue to fall far short of fulfilling its duty to the men who gave their all for its preservation.

ANTI-JEWISH PROPAGANDA

FOR some months there has been carried on in this country an insidious but persistent propaganda against the Jews and the Jewish religion. It probably had its origin in a publication issued originally from Russia called "The Protocols." This book professes to be an exposé of a Jewish plot to dominate the world. It bears internal evidence, however, of having been fraudulently manufactured more than twenty years ago in Russia under the Romanoffs as a part of a bitter campaign of members of the Romanoff autocracy against the Jews—a campaign which was partly political and partly inquisitorial. We shall publish in an early issue of The Outlook an article by Baron Korff, formerly an officer of the Romanoff Government, although a Russian liberal Christian, which gives the history of the origin of "The Protocols" and the evidence of their fraudulent character.

American Jews have been very forbearing in this crisis and have been reticent about complaining of the unjust attempt to incite prejudice and hatred against them, although a number of Jewish societies have issued a temperate statement of the facts. This statement has now been corroborated by a remarkable public protest, originated, we believe, by John Spargo, signed by more than a hundred American men of prominence, none of whom are Jews. The first four signers of this protest are President Wilson, ex-President Taft, Cardinal O'Connell of the Roman Catholic Church, and Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of this journal.

We wish that we had the space to publish the names of all the others who have signed this protest, for it makes a striking array of American citizens of distinction and authority. It includes such names as those of Evangeline Booth, the head of the Salvation Army; ex-Secretary of State William J. Bryan; James R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University; President Faunce, of Brown University; ex-Secretary of War Lindley Garrison; Martin H. Glynn, ex-Governor of New York; Archbishop Hayes, of the Roman Catholic Church; George Kennan, the Russian expert; ex-Secretary of State Robert Lansing; John Spargo; and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. The number of prominent Catholics as well as Protestants signing the protest and defending their fellow Jewish citizens is very significant. The protest which these men and women have signed is against "the publication of a number of books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles designed to foster distrust and suspicion of our fellow-citizens of Jewish

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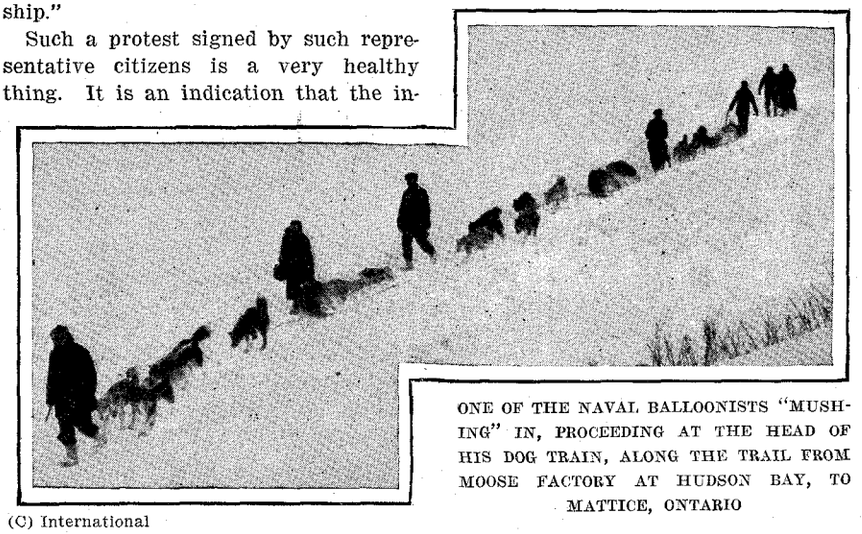
ancestry and faith—distrust and suspicion of their loyalty and patriotism." The protest, continuing, says that these attacks are a threat and menace not only against the Jews, but against American citizenship and American democracy. In signing the protest Cardinal O'Connell, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, says that such an anti-Jewish campaign as the protest denounces "is entirely at variance with America's best traditions and ideals, and its only effect can be the introduction of religious tests to determine citizenship and a reign of prejudice and race hatred wholly incompatible with loyal and intelligent American citizenship."

Such a protest signed by such representative citizens is a very healthy thing. It is an indication that the insidious anti-Jewish propaganda may very well in its reaction be of great public service, for it has brought out in a striking way the truth that real Americanism is totally opposed to sectarian prejudices or race hatred.



(C) International

ONE OF THE NAVAL BALLOONISTS "MUSHING" IN, PROCEEDING AT THE HEAD OF HIS DOG TRAIN, ALONG THE TRAIL FROM MOOSE FACTORY AT HUDSON BAY, TO MATTICE, ONTARIO

MUSH ABOUT MUSHING IN

Perhaps it is the influence of the movies which Mr. Pulsifer assailed last week and Mr. Fuessle this week defends. Perhaps it is the natural consequence of the emotional strain of war. Perhaps it is simply the innate liking for adventurous tales that displays itself early in childhood and lasts in most people until old age. Whatever it is, it set people reading column after column in the newspapers about the three naval balloonists who, starting from Rockaway, on Long Island, landed up on Hudson Bay.

Why they did it nobody seems so far to be able to give any good reason. If it was to show how men trained as officers of the navy can endure hardship with self-control and good spirit, the trip was not very successful. Upon arriving within range of the newspaper reporters the first thing that happened was that one of these naval officers landed his fist in a companion's face. There was a quarrel over the methods alleged to have been used in getting publicity for their story.

It is said in excuse that the Spirit of the North has a way of bewitching men who venture into its domains. Men, however, do not invariably lose their heads under such circumstances.

Captain Scott, of the British navy, who lost his life after having successfully reached the South Pole, left some letters which have been recently quoted in Christopher Morley's column in the New York "Evening Post." One letter, all we have space for here, was written by Captain Scott to the wife of one of his companions:

> *My dear Mrs. Wilson:* If this letter reaches you Bill and I will have gone out together. We are very near it now and I should like you to know how splendid he was at the end—everlastingly cheerful and ready to sacrifice himself for others, never a word of blame to me for leading him into this mess. . . .

As Mr. Morley's correspondent says, "A man can always live up to whatever traditions he possesses."

There is a naval inquiry under way concerning the naval balloon expedition. We hope it will go into the whole relation of the naval officer to the profitable use of publicity as well as into the practical use by the navy of free balloons.

The episode is not of very great importance or significance; but it took a great deal more space in our newspapers than more important and significant news. It served to illustrate the fact that most of our newspapers are in fact also story papers. The newspaper man's term "story" for pretty nearly everything he writes indicates the newspaper man's attitude toward the news. Of course this in turn is affected in great measure by the attitude of newspaper readers. Perhaps it is a sign of peace that millions of readers who not so very many months ago read with weariness of deaths by the thousand on the field of battle are now ready to read with eagerness whole pages of narrative concerning the fate of three undistinguished men.

From all accounts the commanding officer of the expedition, Lieutenant Kloor, behaved like an adult.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN RAILWAY

Every year there is an exposition in the Grand Central Palace of New York City which might fairly be called an exhibit of private railways, for the modern automobile has long since developed from a luxury into a vitally necessary form of transportation. When, a few years ago, automobile manufacturers stopped calling their vehicles "pleasure cars" and began to use the term "passenger cars," they were expressing not a hope, but an accomplished and recognized fact. This year's show at the Palace was of more than usual significance. By the success or failure of this exhibit many hoped to judge the prospects for the coming year, not only in the automobile trade, but in other lines of business.

The automobile industry is one of the key manufacturing enterprises of the country. So far as its products are concerned, the country has by no means reached a point of saturation, and if next year is to approach normal business conditions the demand for automobiles should be steady and sure. The sales results of the recent exhibition are naturally locked up in the archives of the exhibitors, but, judging by the throngs which packed the Palace, popular interest in the automobile has suffered no diminution.

Only a few new exhibitors entered the field this year and the standard cars showed few radical changes either in lines or in construction. The most radical innovations were presented, perhaps, on two of the newer cars; but as these machines have been put forward by men of wide automotive-engineering experience their radicalism may be said to have a sound and conservative basis.

It is interesting to notice that one steam car is still to be found doggedly and successfully holding its place against an overwhelming predominance of internal-combustion motors. The air-cooled motor, though vastly outnumbered by its water-cooled rivals, also occupied its usual place in the exhibit. While both of these types are a departure from current practice, they obviously fill successfully a real need or they would not continue to survive. It

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LARGELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS

Thomas in the Detroit News

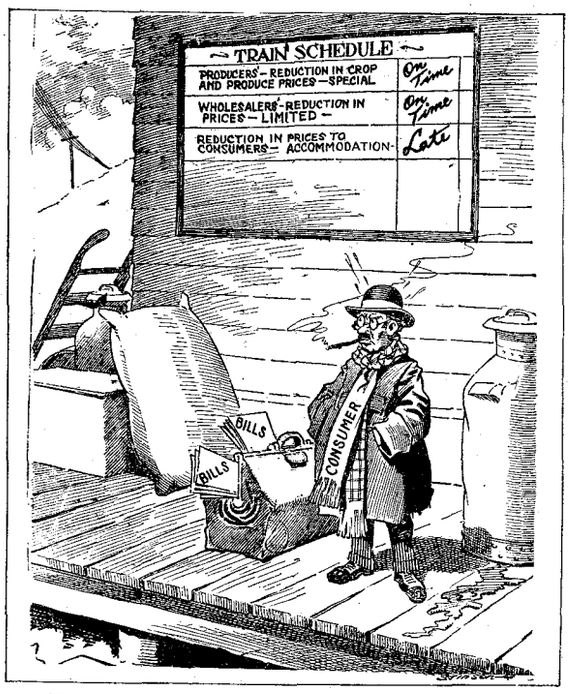
GET OFF THE HOSE!

Calbert in the Toledo News-Bee

THE NEW TRAFFIC COP

From W. J. Moylan, Toledo, Ohio

Stinson in the Dayton (Florida) Daily News


TRAIN SCHEDULE
PRODUCERS - REDUCTION IN CROP AND PRODUCE PRICES - SPECIAL — On Time
WHOLESALERS - REDUCTION IN PRICES - LIMITED - — On Time
REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CONSUMERS - ACCOMMODATION - — Late
BILLS
BILLS
CONSUMER

OLD ACCOMMODATION'S A LITTLE LATE, BUT SHE'S COMING

From H. R. Olney, Tarpon Springs, Florida

From the Central Press Association

NOW ALL TOGETHER—HEAVE HO, MY HEARTIES!

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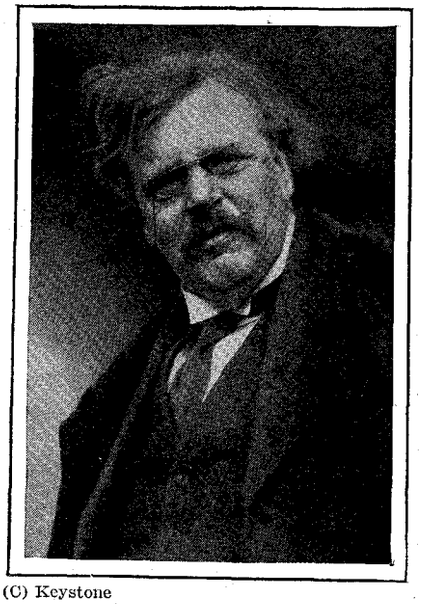

(C) Keystone
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

takes courage and strength to breast the current of popular favor.

CHESTERTON—ANGELS' ADVOCATE

An undergraduate at Yale (at least we surmise he is an undergraduate) wrote to his father the other day an indignant letter. He had received from his father an article by a "fair lady" on G. K. Chesterton, and this is what he said about it, as printed in the New York "Globe:"

> Modeling his life after Dr. Johnson—what a joke! The beer-drinker and the teetotaler! The Tory and the champion of the Middle Ages. The Leviathan of classical, pompous style and the facile master of the paradox. Surely you were joking.

Mr. Chesterton has arrived in this country for a visit. He is going to warn us against the danger of believing things that are not so. He is going to tell us of the untrustworthiness of the things which, in common with the rest of humanity, we have been accepting as truths. He is going to see that the skeptics are hoist with their own petard. He is going to pierce the hide of conventional heterodoxy. It is probably without significance that his manager arranged that his first lecture should be in Boston.

Most of those who will hear Mr. Chesterton will expect him to serve them paradoxes. Now there are paradoxes and paradoxes, and it is not difficult to turn off something paradoxical provided one is indifferent to its quality or its substance. Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes, however, are all of one kind, or rather they all serve one end. He is not interested in a paradox as such; he is interested in stating what he believes to be truth in such a way as to indicate his enjoyment of disbelieving untruth.

One reason why the radical, the skeptic, the iconoclast, the heretic, gets a hearing is that he seems interesting. He is different from the crowd, and therefore is conspicuous. He introduces into common life the element of drama. As soon as heresy becomes the accepted belief it ceases to be interesting. Now what Mr. Chesterton has done is to lend interest to orthodoxy. Where others would seek for romance in the stars Mr. Chesterton finds it in a lamp-post. To him the exciting thing is not turbulence but order. Perhaps an idea of Mr. Chesterton's view of life may be conveyed by some excerpts from a conversation between Gregory and Syme in "The Man Who Was Thursday." Gregory is speaking:

> "The man who throws a bomb is an artist, because he prefers a great moment to everything. . . . The poet delights in disorder only. If it were not so, the most poetical thing in the world would be the Underground Railway."
>
> "So it is," said Mr. Syme.
>
> "Nonsense!" said Gregory, who was very rational when any one else attempted paradox. "Why do all the clerks and navvies in the railway trains look so sad and tired, so very sad and tired? I will tell you: it is because . . . after they have passed Sloane Square they know that the next station must be Victoria. . . . Oh, their wild rapture! oh, their eyes like stars and their souls again in Eden, if the next were unaccountably Baker Street!"
>
> "It is you who are unpoetical," replied the poet Syme. "If what you say of clerks is true, they can only be as prosaic as your poetry. The rare, strange thing is to hit the mark; the gross, obvious thing is to miss it. We feel it is epical when man with one wild arrow strikes a distant bird. Is it not also epical when man with one wild engine strikes a distant station? Chaos is dull; because in chaos the train might indeed go anywhere, to Baker Street or to Bagdad. But man is a magician, and his whole magic is in this, that he does say Victoria, and lo! it is Victoria. No, take your books of mere poetry and prose; let me read a time-table, with tears of pride. . . ."

In the rest of the book Mr. Chesterton describes the experiences of Mr. Syme, the man who was Thursday, which tend to prove, if the most highly imaginative kind of fiction can prove anything, that not the wildest dreams of Anarchists could supply the thrills that ensue when half a dozen men unite in the pursuit of law and order.

Most people like to listen when the devil's advocate is arguing, for his Satanic Majesty is reputed to live at least a picturesque life. Mr. Chesterton's distinction lies in the fact that people sit up and take notice when he argues the case for the angels.

MARY GARDEN, DIRECTOR

To unite in one person the almost contradictory functions of the creative artist and the directing executive is an experiment always interesting to watch. It is this experiment which Mary Garden, long recognized as one of the most capable emotional and dramatically gifted opera singers, has undertaken. With the resignation of Herbert M. Johnson as director of the Chicago Opera Miss Garden has been appointed in his place. That of itself would be an interesting event, for, so far as we know, it is the first time that a position of that kind has been given to a woman. What makes the situation quite unprecedented is that Miss Garden will continue, so it is reported, to take her part in the stage performances.

Perhaps the experiment will succeed. If so, Miss Garden will have proved herself to be quite exceptional among both artists and executives. It is not that the qualities of mind and sentiment which make a great artist may not exist in the same person with those qualities of mind and sentiment that make the great executive. These qualities are not in themselves as rare as they are reputed to be. What is rare is the power to turn quickly from the activities of the executive to the necessarily ruminative frame of mind and the controlled emotional state essential to the interpretation or production of art. Almost everybody is two persons, but it is the rare individual that can be two persons at once.

Mary Garden's remarkable powers as an actress have been exercised in diverse parts. Few who saw her as

(C) Mishkin
MARY GARDEN IN THAÏS

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Melisande will ever escape attributing to the whole spirit of the Middle Ages something of Mary Garden's personality. Those who have seen her in Charpentier's "Louise" may have been convinced that opera was necessarily a hybrid art which could be justified, not by any principles of drama, but only as a social function and a means of entertainment; but they must have come away from the performance with some doubt as to their opinions on that score. Mary Garden made Louise a real character.

There are many musical critics who regard her voice as an instrument of rather inferior quality. We wish there were more singers with a voice like hers, because she sings so as to make people think less of her voice than of the music. There are some people who question the wholesomeness of the art she interprets as well as of her interpretation of it. We shall not enter into that discussion here. It is enough to say that she has done as much as any other opera singer to induce people to take opera seriously as an art.

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) Morning News

From Ruth McKay, Dallas, Texas

THE WAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

THE LIVING ROOSEVELT

A PROMISING project has been undertaken by the Roosevelt Memorial Association—the formation of a Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information, directed by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn.

The purpose of this Research Bureau is to collect all available biographical matter concerning Theodore Roosevelt both from documents and from men and women who were close to Colonel Roosevelt; to collect the best photographs of Theodore Roosevelt, his friends, opponents, and scenes connected with his career; and to publish from time to time authoritative works dealing with his life. The services of this Bureau will be available for schoolteachers and lecturers.

In the announcement of the creation of this Bureau Mr. Gifford Pinchot said:

> We cannot have Roosevelt with us in the flesh. No more can we spare him as a vital force in American affairs. We ought never to lose our touch with his fearless, wise, American soul, or the way he dealt with the problems of his own time.

This Research Bureau can do for Theodore Roosevelt what the researches of Nicolay and Hay did for the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and it can do it far more thoroughly than any private individuals. With the resources at its disposal, it ought to succeed in collecting and preserving for future historians all the worth-while material which would otherwise vanish from the earth with the passing of the generation that knew Mr. Roosevelt in the flesh.

THE TREE CROP

A TREE to some is nothing but a tree. To them it is as meaningless and uninteresting as the primrose by the river's brim. It comes into their consciousness only when they bump into it on the paved sidewalk or dash into it in an automobile. For them the world is bounded by asphalt, brick, and tile.

To others a tree is a symbol of a vacation. It is an invitation to out-of-doors. It suggests something to lie under or to pick blossoms from or, in youth, to climb.

To others a tree is an object of scientific study. It is something to be classified and numbered. It is something that tells by its rings of the passage of time. It is part of nature's museum.

To still others, and these are not a few, a tree is a thing of beauty. Such it was to Joyce Kilmer, who wrote:

> I think that I shall never see
> A poem lovely as a tree.
> . . . . . .
> A tree that looks at God all day
> And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
> . . . . . .
> Poems are made by fools like me,
> But only God can make a tree.

To some who think of trees in this way a tree is almost sacrosanct. To cut it down seems to such almost like murder. To them a forest attacked by the timberman bears a close resemblance to the Cloth Hall of Ypres under the German bombardment. It is to such as these tree lovers that we owe our National Parks. It is to them that is due the gratitude of the Nation for the preservation of at least some of the giant redwoods of California as monuments not built with hands.

Indifferent, however, as the confirmed city-dweller may be to things that grow, absorbed as the vacationist may be in his own enjoyment, concentrated as the mind of the scientist may be upon knowledge, stirred as the lover of beauty may be by arboreal strength and grace, not one of them is without vital interest in the tree as a product of the soil for merchandise and as a preserver of the soil from which their sustenance comes. To them all trees should be of vital interest as a crop.

It is possible to be a lover of beauty and to recognize this fact. We ought to preserve trees by the thousands for the sake of their beauty. There ought to be forests primeval kept free from the ax. There ought to be National Parks preserved not only as playgrounds but as repositories of natural beauty. But there ought also to be great areas of land on which trees are cultivated and harvested.

It is not necessary for us here to give figures showing the immense value of timber as a resource. Mr. Pack and Mr. Allen in their articles in this issue state the facts with authority. It is not necessary for us to attempt to picture that resource of trees as one might picture innumerable acres of growing grain. Mr. Driggs in his story in this

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(C) Harris & Ewing
REPRESENTATIVE SNELL
Sponsor for the Forestry Bill

issue does that graphically. If our readers will heed what Mr. Pack and Mr. Allen and Mr. Driggs tell us, they will need no further exhortation from us to lend their support to those who are endeavoring to preserve an indispensable resource of the Nation.

A few years ago those who tried to stir public opinion in behalf of scientific forestry were as voices crying in the wilderness. There was fear at that time on the part of those who sought preservation of forests as public parks that scientific forestry would prey on all forests. There was opposition too on the part of some lumbermen, who feared any Governmental interference with the liberty of cutting trees of any size wherever they might be found. But, above all, there was public indifference, a lack of understanding that our trees are not exhaustless.

Now, however, there is a new spirit of co-operation rising. What Gifford Pinchot used to preach many who were then heedless are now willing to practice. Associations of lumbermen, of timber merchants, of scientific foresters, and of public-spirited citizens such as those in the American Forestry Association, whose concern is not primarily for any private interest but for the public interest, are uniting. On the very day whose date appears on this issue of The Outlook there is set a hearing at Washington on the Forestry Bill for which Representative Bertrand H. Snell, of the State of New York, is sponsor in Congress. This bill has the support alike of those who realize that forest conservation is essential to their industries and those who realize that forest conservation is a matter of National concern.

At a time when there is a great and just demand for economy in public expenditure it is especially necessary to urge such appropriations of public money as will prevent extravagance and waste. It is no economy to withhold a dollar if the withholding of that dollar means in fact the waste of five or ten times as much. Such is the case with legitimate and wise appropriations for forestry purpose. The waste from forest fires, the waste from ruthless and ignorant timber-cutting, the waste from erosion of the soil on treeless mountainsides, the waste of unused lands incapable of producing anything profitably but trees, benefits nobody.

In some verses by Henry Abbey there is put concisely the nature of the crop which the forester sows and reaps:

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson and beam and knee:
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beam and siding, all parts that be:
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free:
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

POOR OLD HUMAN NATURE!

"IT is blamed for many things, poor old human nature," smiled the Young-Old Philosopher. "There are those who say that there can never be permanent peace in this troubled world because of a certain characteristic in us all which loves a struggle, a scrap. They hold that when street brawls cease that will be the proper time to think of a real League of Nations.

"Frequently I, too, despair of poor old human nature. But just as my courage and faith are at their lowest ebb I see something that makes me sit up and take heart again. For instance, how many contend that no one cares for the classics any more—that jazz and tumult and bunny-hugging and I don't know how many other things, including cheap movies, are, and always will be, in the ascendant; that the hearts of the multitude have long since turned from the beautiful in art to the lowest forms of expression; that there their real love lies, and nothing can change this awful state of things!

"Yet the other evening I went to a vast theater on the East Side of town where a fine actor was presenting 'Hamlet.' I thought there was no need of purchasing tickets in advance—no one would be there; so why waste my energy in engaging seats beforehand? To my amazement—and joy—I found a line of people stretching for a whole block, eager to get in. I had to take my place in that heterogeneous line—and you never saw so many kinds of people in your life! A Negro was right ahead of me; an Italian and his wife and child were not far away; and I noted the wistful faces of students and teachers who evidently feared there would be no room for them, since they had been so late in arriving. The shoving and pushing were good-natured and friendly; there wasn't the slightest semblance of rowdyism. And when at last we all got inside there was that expectant hum of an audience that is anxious to be pleased; that has come to the theater in the right spirit and hopes to make the best of its little time in the playhouse. Such spontaneous applause I have seldom heard. The actor was not one whose name means much to the so-called highbrow. The play was the thing these folks had come to see—'Hamlet,' not a Henry Irving or a Booth or a Forbes-Robertson, or even a Hampden or a Sothern.

"As the play proceeded I could hear discussions between the acts which revealed that these people had read Shakespeare, and not merely heard of him. And some one whispered behind me, 'Do you think we can afford "Julius Cæsar" next week?'

"It was Arnold Bennett who said that the classics are kept alive, not by the man in the street, but by the passionate few. But here were more than a handful keeping alive what is perhaps the most glorious play in the English language, leaning forward to catch each line, each thought, as it came to them over the barrier of the footlights.

"Don't get too discouraged about art. It survives. Like truth, crushed to earth, it rises again.

"You know the story of the old lady

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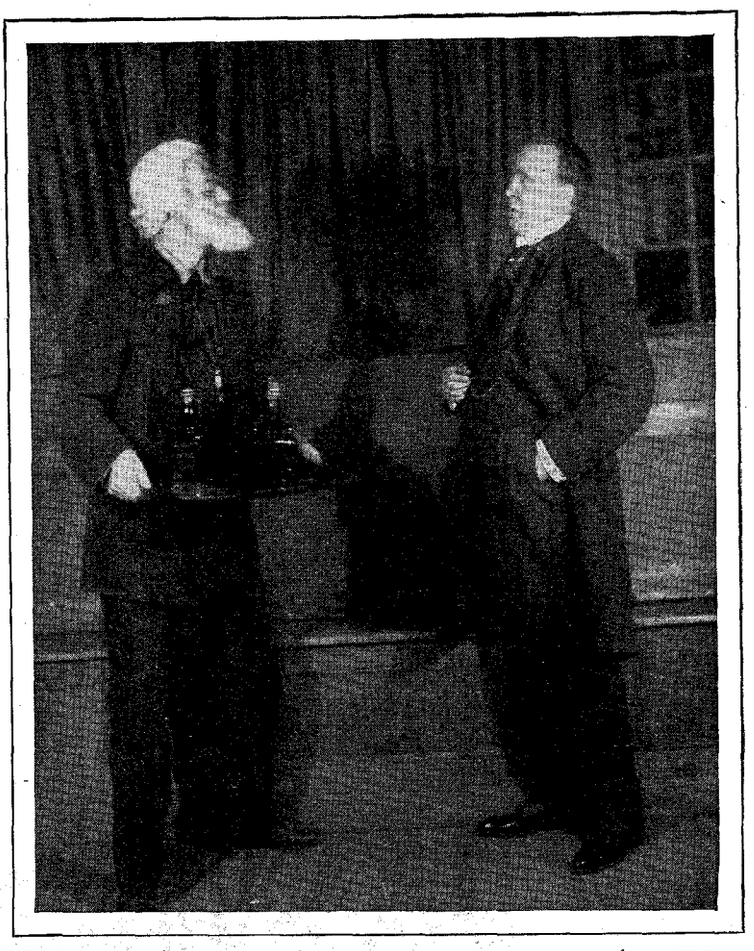
who said she liked 'Hamlet' very much; but it was so full of quotations. Had she but known it, she praised not only the play in that remark, but herself as well. For if she knew some of those matchless lines by heart she held within herself a feast for lean intellectual days —like the soul who, because of early training, can remember the Scriptures in some disastrous hour.

"The fact is that beauty endures, despite our frailties; and it is as inevitable that a work of art returns again and again as that April repeats her green magic year by year. The sordid, the vulgar, the stupid, and the commonplace have their little moment; but somewhere the eternal things go on and the stars are in the heavens, whether we notice them or not. They wait, like all wonderful things, for the extreme experience which forces us to lift our eyes to them. Nothing great ever perishes. Of that I am deeply convinced."

FIREWORKS

"WHAT we want is action. Pep! Zip! Punch!" This, according to a widespread belief, is the monotonous demand of theatrical producers, editors, and publishers engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to keep intelligent plays, articles, and books from a hungry and expectant public. We have more than a smattering of suspicion that this belief has been born of the complaint of writers whose work has failed of recognition beyond the circle of their immediate friends. The plaint that is heard oftenest is the cry that plays with an intellectual interest stand no show of production when pitted against dramas of blood and thunder, and that even when intellectual plays are put upon the stage they fail of popular appreciation. All of which may be just another question of varying estimates of worth. Is the author who condemns the public as a congregation of boors or the public which condemns the author as an unmitigated bore the sounder critic? On the whole, we are inclined to think that the public has the better of the argument. For plays and books do frequently succeed which appeal chiefly to the intellect. The audience which awaits such plays and books is not as extensive as that which pays homage to the sportive Charlie Chaplin, but nevertheless it is not to be sneezed at.

For two months a play of this type has been drawing full houses at the Garrick Theater, in New York City. It is true that the play, "Heartbreak House,"[1] bears the magic stamp of George Bernard Shaw; nevertheless its authorship is not its sole claim to popularity. Of course there are many who go to see Shaw because they are convinced that he represents the latest style in intellectual adornment. There are probably new ones of this type born every minute, but we are convinced that the bulk of the audience of "Heartbreak House" is made up of people who prefer good talk, if it really is good talk, to all the pep, zip, and punch of the latest melodrama.



CAPTAIN SHOTOVER (ALBERT PERRY) AND HIS GUEST, BOSS MANGAN (DUDLEY DIGGES), IN THE THEATRE GUILD'S PRODUCTION OF "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

"Heartbreak House" is emphatically a talky play. Save in the last act when a bomb from an airplane drops off stage and eliminates two members of the cast, the play is all talk from beginning to end. Gathered together in an English country home the presiding deity of which is a retired sea captain (who has trafficked with the devil in his youth) is a conglomerate group which at Shaw's dictation proceeds to rend the world limb from limb. After the pieces have been strewn over the stage for three acts, the play, according to the familiar Shaw precedent, just stops. No one even attempts to sweep up the remains.

As those who read the preface to "Heartbreak House" in its published version know, Mr. Shaw withheld this play from the footlights during the war for the reason that "comedy, though sorely tempted, had to be loyally silent." But we suspect that the war would have still gone on to its conclusion even if "Heartbreak House" had been presented. We feel that Mr. Shaw in his consideration for the niceties of war-time etiquette may have overestimated the effect which his utterances would have upon the popular mind. Of course such an error in judgment would be an unusual one for Mr. Shaw to make. For he has so consistently erred upon the side of modesty, when it came to the judgment of his own writings, that perhaps we do him an injustice when we impute to him the fear that any work of his could influence popular opinion.

Whatever the truth of the matter may be, we are sure that those who have witnessed "Heartbreak House" at the Garrick have not left the theater with any feeling that the pillars of society were tumbling about their heads. We suspect that most of them went away with this thought uppermost in their minds: "What wonderful fireworks!"

Will this conclusion satisfy or disappoint G. B. S.?

[1] Heartbreak House. By George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

RINGING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON A GREAT INTERNATIONAL DRAMA

The work for American soldiers in France during the European war which was carried on through the Paris headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. cost nearly fifty million dollars. Here were housed bureaus for purchase, manufacture, building, and transportation; for the distribution of magazines and newspapers; for the administration of religious work; and for the direction of entertainment of various kinds. In the Paris headquarters was carried on that vast business by which France was dotted from Bordeaux to Coblenz, from Havre to Cannes, with huts for the American soldiers. What this work accomplished is dramatically described in a remarkable book called "That Damn Y," by Miss Katherine Mayo, already reviewed in The Outlook and four chapters of which first appeared in its columns. The above illustration shows the final closing of these Paris headquarters of the Y. The man locking the door is Mr. F. A. Jackson, the Controller of the European Department of the New York Life Insurance Company, who has been a resident of Paris for many years. In connection with his own absorbing business he volunteered as a Y worker in Paris in November, 1917, and served as chairman of the Finance Committee until the close of the work. His companion in this final and simple but dramatic ceremony is Mr. W. C. Hill, an American business man who volunteered as a Y worker and served with Mr. Jackson in the finance department of the Y until the war ended

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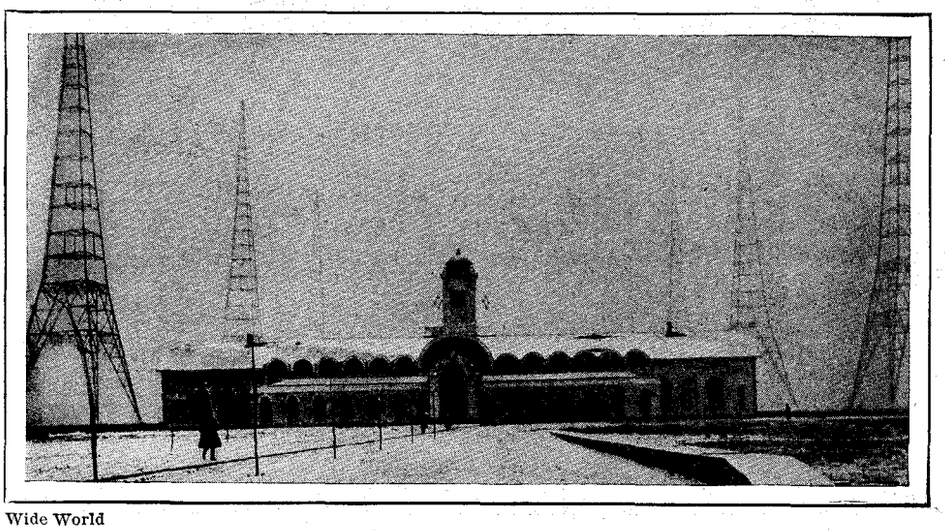
Wide World

WEST VIRGINIA'S CAPITOL DESTROYED

Some critics would perhaps say, Why build the huge and often ugly structures in which our State governments are housed? But once built and paid for, no one will question that they should be properly cared for. The picture emphasizes a lesson that Americans are slow to learn—that every available means should be used to stop the terrible waste annually caused by fires in this country



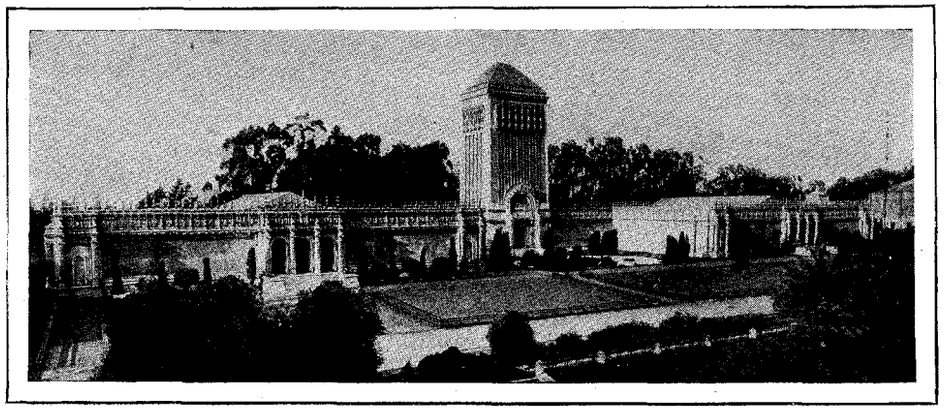
Wide World

LARGEST RADIO STATION IN THE WORLD OPENED IN FRANCE

The formal inauguration of what is said to be the largest wireless station in the world, built by the United States at Bordeaux, France, during the war and recently completed, took place a few weeks ago. It has been named the Poste Lafayette. Many prominent French and American officials attended the opening ceremony

THE SAN FRANCISCO MEMORIAL MUSEUM

This building has been given to the city of San Francisco by Mr. M. H. de Young, and was dedicated January 2, 1921. In the 45 galleries are more than one million objects, including paintings, statuary, ceramics, Oriental art, coins, medals, musical instruments, minerals, arms and armor. European war relics, tapestries, Indian and South Sea exhibits, a collection of Napoleonic relics, and material dealing with the early history of San Francisco and California



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AMERICA'S FORESTS—A HERITAGE AND HOPE

BY CHARLES LATHROP PACK

PRESIDENT AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

THE people of the United States inherited from their fathers one of the greatest and richest heritages the world has ever seen—an area of timber-land which seemed, as was frequently remarked less than a generation ago, "inexhaustible." There were woods of nearly all known varieties, designed to meet the hundreds of uses to which man puts this most helpful and necessary of all natural resources.

It was because of the apparent impossibility of exhausting the great supply of timber with which this country was blessed that little thought was given by those of an earlier generation to the question of conservation—of saving, replanting, reforesting, the wooded territories of the United States. Doubtless it would have been impossible to persuade an audience of fifty or seventy-five years ago of the need of forest conservation.

"What foolishness is this man talking?" they would have asked.

"Save trees? What do you mean? Why, they grow faster than they can be used. And look at the limitless areas of untouched forest out West!"

No one preaching forest conservation to-day is called foolish. The people from one end of the land to the other have been realizing more and more during the past few years that the Nation's forest resources are not inexhaustible. They realize this every time they buy a newspaper and pay twice or three times the former cost. They realize it when they interview the furniture dealer on the price of some needed chairs and tables. They realize it when they come to building that home of their own on which they have been counting and discover that lumber is now selling as high as $70 per thousand feet against $28 and $32 before the war.

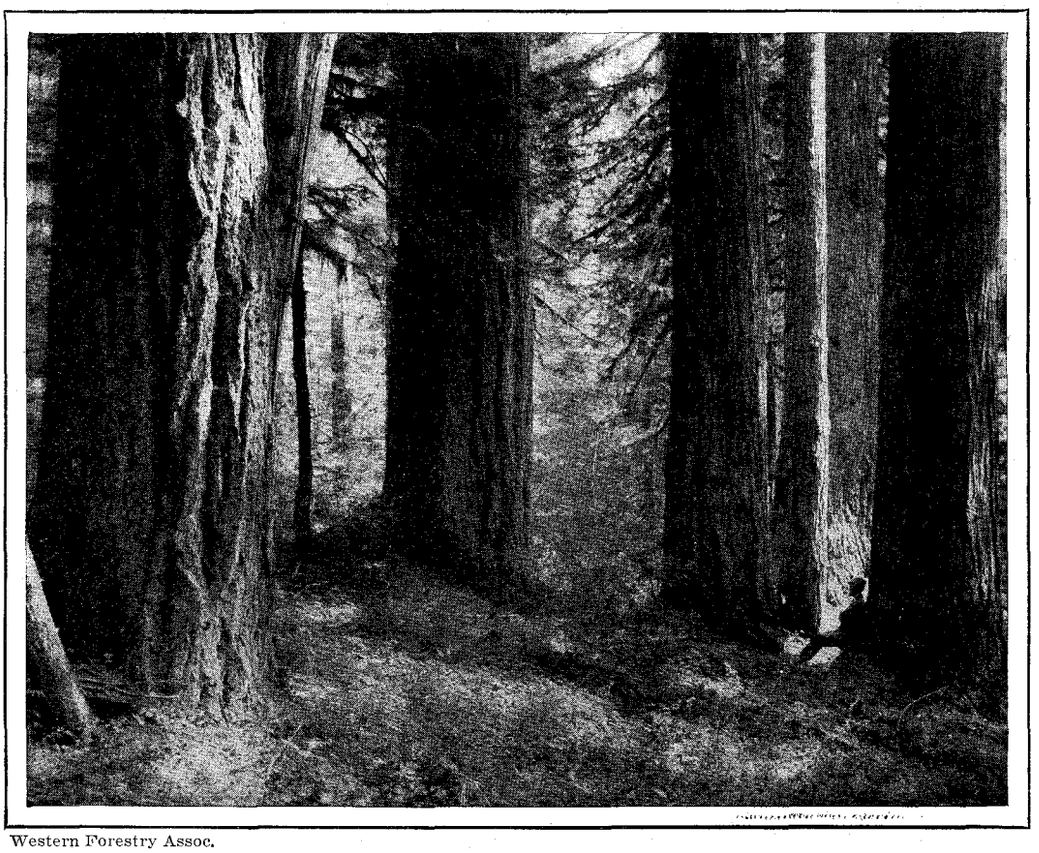
True, the present high prices of lumber and of most articles made from wood are not due entirely to the growing scarcity of timber supply in the United States. The present prices are due principally to war-time conditions from which we have not yet recovered. They are not due to an exhaustion which already has made itself felt in prices which belong to real famine days.

But the present prices have brought home to the people of the United States a fact which they had only begun to realize before, namely, that there is need of saving some of the Nation's heritage—as much as possible, in fact—before it is squandered any further. The American people have been spendthrifts in many ways, and they have allowed one of their greatest natural resources to become seriously exhausted. They have been prodigal in cutting their timberlands; they have allowed vast areas which might have been producing trees during the past few decades to lie idle; they have not taken sufficient care to prevent the annual destruction by fire of thousands of acres of fine forests, with a loss of millions to the Nation's wealth.

In short, there has been no National policy applied to forestry. The reason was because the people did not realize the seriousness of the situation and the importance of putting into effect some system of forest management which would help to save for the next generation—the people not of a distant future, but of the near future—some of the timber resources of the land.

To-day, for the first time in the history of the United States, there is united action ready to carry through the campaign for a National forest policy. It is America's greatest need to-day. The people of the United States—those who own wood, those who manufacture it into the articles of daily use, and those who buy the articles—all are ready to support the adoption of a policy which will help to save the forests, prevent them from being cut and burned down before they can be replenished.

To-day for the first time everybody



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VIRGIN FOREST UNTOUCHED BY FIRE

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who is interested in any way in the question of forestry is standing ready to urge the adoption by the Congress of the United States of a National forest policy. This policy is to be in line with that which will be provided for in the various States by legislation suited to their individual needs. There must be co-operation, however, between the National Government and the States in order to make the policy a complete success.

There must be ample fire protection. Forest fires will destroy in a few days what it has taken nature from fifty years to a century to build. This is one of the most important single steps which can be taken at the present time in carrying out a National forest policy. Forest-fire protection can be started at once, and will result in an immediate saving of, which really is an addition to, the Nation's timber resources. Some of the other features of the forest policy which must be adopted cannot be put into practice and bring definite results as promptly as that of fire protection. For this reason, the allowance for this purpose should be ample. The National and State Governments should not skimp on a few thousand dollars for forest-fire-fighting purposes when it will mean the saving of millions of dollars annually. The present policy contemplates the asking of not less than a million dollars from Congress for use in co-operation with the States in fire-protection work.

The National forest policy should provide means for the reforestation of cut-over and denuded lands, so that there will not be vast areas, as at present in growing acreage, lying waste and barren, of no use to man or beast. There are millions of acres of such land which should be producing wealth. At the present time it represents nothing but money not being employed for any purpose. Both the Nation and the States can help in getting such land back to usefulness.

It is not possible to get individual capital to take up this vast and most vital work on any large scale. It must be a National enterprise. On account of the length of time it will require under most circumstances to get any returns from money invested in the replanting of denuded and waste lands, it is necessary that the Government perform this service for the people of the Nation. Individuals cannot be persuaded to plant trees on a tract of land taxed annually and from which they cannot possibly expect to cut timber for fifty years or more. This work must be carried on over a period of time and on such a scale that the Government must undertake to do it.

There should be more rapid replanting of the vast areas which lie within the bounds of the forests already owned by the Government. Larger appropriation is needed for this work.

At the same time there should be an appropriation of $10,000,000 a year for five years to permit the purchase of lands which should be added to the National forest system, whether or not on the head-waters of navigable streams. There may be additions to the National forests also through the transfer to that supervision of lands now in other forms of Government ownership, but which lands are found by investigation and reclassification to be chiefly suitable for permanent forest production. Some such land is now being held as agricultural or mineral, when, as a matter of fact, it is of no use for either of those purposes and should be put to work growing trees for the future economic welfare of the Nation.

The proper cutting and removal of timber crops is one of the most important features which must be included in any National forest policy. Unless a certain number of trees are left in any territory whose forest resources are being harvested, the process of getting a new forest started on the land will be a slow and expensive one. With some seed trees left, reforestation is certain and the vast denuded wastes will be avoided. It is important, if possible, to find a way by which all timber cutting will take place in a more rational way, with due regard to better forestry practice.

The National forest policy to be adopted should include provision for a study of forest taxation. The laws governing the taxation of forest lands should be such as to encourage the conservation and growing of timber. This is a problem which will require careful study in order to find the right solution. It must be approached in a wise

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FOREST SWEPT BY FIRE AND HURRICANE

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and statesmanlike manner, with a broad and far-reaching view-point, for it is a question which affects the Nation as a whole, and there should be uniformity of action in all the States, as far as local conditions allow. It is believed by those who have been looking into this phase of the forestry situation, giving it careful thought and attention for some time past, that a plan of taxation can be devised which will be satisfactory both to the State and the timberland owner, and which will encourage greater conservation.

Experiments, such as the Government has been conducting at the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, in reproduction methods, wood utilization and preservation, timber tests, and the development of by-products, should be continued and increased; for as a result of discoveries being made at this laboratory, saving is being made in many directions in the use of wood. By helping to save what we now possess, by the use of right processes, much can be done to permit the growing up of new timber.

The time is now ripe to secure the adoption of a broad, wise, and comprehensive National forest policy. A bill will be introduced at this session of Congress, although it is not believed that there will be time, with the necessary legislation which must be passed during this short session, to have the forest bill passed. But there will be some discussion of it, and it will be ready for the new Congress, which President Harding doubtless will call immediately or soon after his inauguration.

Senator Harding himself is strongly in favor of a wise National forest policy. He voiced his approval of such a measure during the campaign. His support, therefore, can be counted on, and the placing of his signature to such a bill as that which has been proposed.

Every man, woman, and child in the United States is affected by the forest question, for wood enters into the daily life of most of us in more ways, perhaps, than any other product. Therefore every member of Congress should have the importance of adopting a National forest policy brought home to him by the voters in his district. The chances are that he is aware of the vital need of such a policy; but it should be impressed upon him, and his constituents should make him know that they expect his support of a measure which means so much to the economic welfare of the Nation, to the industrial prosperity of every community, and to the lessening of living costs.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PICTURES

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

A reply to Mr. Pulsifer's article in last week's issue of The Outlook

ANY superlative is a tribute. Mr. Pulsifer's title "The World's Worst Failure" reveals his great expectation and his great disappointment. If the pictures have grown so important that their shortcomings can be described only in a world-wide phrase of anguish, then they have certainly scored. With what inordinate hope the Pulsifer pulse must have beaten, to be cast down thus into nethermost despair! Of his vast expectations has been born a vast impatience. Because no Aristophanes, no Shakespeare, of the screen has loomed before us it is folly to keep on turning the crank. Because the colt still gambols at the foot of Parnassus the pictures are the worst failure of the world. Mr. Griffith, having written the first three letters of the movie alphabet, the same consisting of the close-up, the flash-back, and the fade-in (or is it the fade-out?), should abandon the quest because he has not triumphantly attained the "z."

Critics of the screen have no patience for gradual and normal growth. They would have every nursery cast aside, and would set up in its place laboratories for child research into the fourth dimension. They would wrest from every child its volume of "Mother Goose" and present it solemnly with a copy of "Père Goriot." They scorn the application of long patience to the development of any new art. Because ages intervened between the first emission of an amazed whistle through the teeth of a caveman and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" they consider Apollo a melancholy frost.

Twenty-five years may indeed have elapsed between the first steak-eating picture and "Broken Blossoms," but what is a quarter of a century to the gods? Did Homer follow directly upon the heels of the first savage who with his toe inscribed the first symbol upon the sand? Did Michelangelo leap gloriously into sight within the brief span of a quarter of a century after the first artistic impulse in the jungles? Did Shakespeare score his *première* immediately after that naïve one-act skit beneath the boughs of Eden?

If one is going to consider the motion picture as an art, one must grant it what every other art has claimed—namely, time. Give it time, and the errant pie may yet blossom into heroic pentameter of pantomime.

As yet, who pretends that the motion picture is an art? It is a manufacturing business. It calls its three branches by the prosaic and businesslike names of production, distribution, and exhibition. True, it calls its factories "studios;" but one need only visit one of them and behold a scene being "shot" to discover that they are boiler shops, manufacturing goods rather than creating art.

Besides, what is art? If one may assume that art is the production of that which conveys emotions experienced or imagined by its author, with beauty of form and understanding of life, then our leading picture producers would probably be the last to lay claim to art as their objective. The pictures are an industry; they are the product of

METRO MAKES THE MOST OF MELODRAMA IN ITS ELABORATE MOTION PICTURE OF "THE FOUR HORSEMEN," SOON TO BE RELEASED

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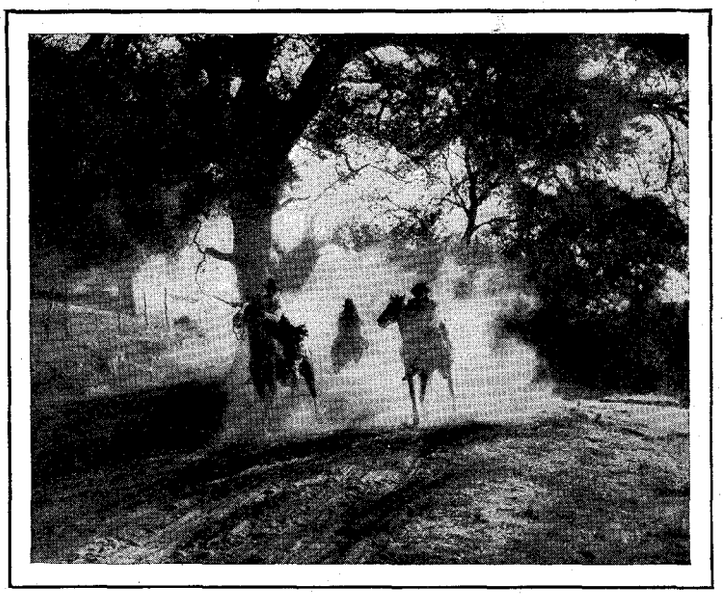
large manufacturing organizations, intent upon profits. Art is individual; its object is the expression of the artist's reactions to life. Is that the object of the big producers? Consider the remark of one of them when informed that a group of motion-picture stars had organized their own producing company.

"My God," he exclaimed, "they've put the inmates in charge of the asylum!"

Despite the gifted camera work of the leading producing companies and regardless of what their press agents may cause them to say, the men in charge have no illusions. The trouble is that this tree of the pictures is so huge that one expects every conceivable fruit to grow on its swaying branches. But why grieve because one cannot pluck the pomegranate from the weeping willow?

No one complains that Arnold Bennett composes no concertos, for his province is the novel. No one seems to complain that Tolstoy was not a sculptor, that H. G. Wells is not a portrait painter, or that Whistler did not play in a band.



IT COST $1,000,000, TOOK SIX MONTHS, GAVE EMPLOYMENT TO 12,500 ACTORS, AND CONSUMED MORE BUILDING MATERIAL THAN IS CONTAINED IN THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING FOR THE METRO PICTURES CORPORATION TO PRODUCE IBAÑEZ'S "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

But Mr. Pulsifer is not alone in the complaint that the motion pictures ought to bear fruit that they were probably never intended to bear. The pictures of the future may attract their Galsworthys. The field of the pictures may in time acquire a soil that will nurture its Barries and its Brieux, but as yet the chemistry of its soil and the restrictions that hem it in seem to confine its province to melodrama. This is not merely the opinion of an outsider, but it is the opinion of an insider—one of the high executives of a large producing company. If the fruit of the motion-picture tree is for the present to be nothing more tasty to the cultivated palate than melodrama, then the producers propose to make the best of melodrama. Certainly the morality and mystery plays of the sixteenth century are not to be condemned as the then worst failures of the world because they were in essence melodrama. These morality and mystery shows must have seemed but crude and tawdry affairs to the highbrows of their time, their tastes elevated by Homer and burnished by Vergil. Yet these melodramas clasped the seeds of the Elizabethan stage.

The motion picture is as yet bound to melodrama with fetters that neither its gallant Griffiths, its ingenious Inces, nor its dauntless de Milles seem to have been able to break. Instead, therefore, of trying to "shoot" the fine subtleties of "Enter Madame" or attempting to reduce to the denominator of five reels the sparkling dialogue of Clare Kummer's "Rollo's Wild Oat," these producers, like chefs who know their jobs, sensibly go to market for raw melodrama, cook it brown for the populace, and season it to Main Street's taste rather than to that of Beacon Street. The hits of the screen, accordingly, are such things as "Shore Acres," "'Way Down East," and "To Hell with the Kaiser," while the best that Richard Washburn Child can do for the movies is the crook melodrama entitled "Heliotrope"—and Mr. Child learned his writer's trade at Harvard, he has been editor of "Collier's," and he spent the summer in Marion, Ohio, as a literary aid and adviser to Senator Harding. Surely a melodrama like "Heliotrope" is not the dramatic limit of this writer's skill; but he knew the limitations of the medium for which he wrote.

If one's taste runs to the dramatic artichokes of Lord Dunsany, or to the alligator pears of Strindberg, let him stay away from where "grim death" does its hovering; for the picture industry is organized for the moment on the basis of mass production and mass distribution, like Fords, and golden oak furniture, and Harold Bell Wright novels. One hears of Gertrude Atherton, and Sir Gilbert Parker, and Irvin Cobb, and Eugene Walter, and Winchell Smith, and James M. Barrie making contracts with the picture men and going to Hollywood or to the Claridge. One hears of Richard Le Gallienne writing titles for photo plays and of Benjamin de Casseres being taken in tow by one of the producers. And out of these developments there may dawn a new day of the pictures; but up to date the melodrama seems to be the only script that goes.

It would hardly be fair to Mr. Pulsifer to repulse his pleasant assault upon the screen by mentioning the service of the screen in helping muster the Nation to war and in helping raise its war funds; for he directs his pen only against the screen's failure to achieve high art. Nor would it be right to drag in the educational advantages of bolstering up pedagogical mediocrity and class-room indifference with motion pictures that drive in lessons in biology, history, and geology. Had there been any motion pictures to inject a bit of melodrama into quadratic equations and solid geometry, my own records in these unspeakable subjects might have been less ignominious.

But that melodrama must remain the limit of the pictures can hardly be assumed. I don't know whether Mr. Pulsifer will concede that Miss Ethel Barrymore is an artist or that "Declassé" is a work of art. But it is a fact that this play was produced by motion-picture managers with motion-picture money. It was done so that a "legitimate" producer might not have the opportunity to produce this play with this star and then sell the motion-picture rights at an enormous figure to the screen men. Recognizing an extraordinarily fine play, and foreseeing that Miss Barrymore might score an unusual artistic success in it and establish a degree of popularity that would be profitable in the pictures, this picture firm made sure at the outset of cornering the market on this particular production. I question whether a single spectator seeing the play at the Empire Theater, and not knowing the facts of the production, would have considered the thing in the least of the pictures picturey. This is at least a step away from melodrama.

With the open volumes of all the gods of drama to draw upon, with the whole world for its stage, and though able to rise above the hampering unities of time and space, the motion-picture industry, being organized for mass production, is mainly content for the present to develop no greater technique than that of melodrama. For the object of a large industry is not art, but profit; and if the motion pictures, being melodrama, are the world's worst failure, then the human race, which wallows in melodrama, qualifies also for a large and commodious booby prize.

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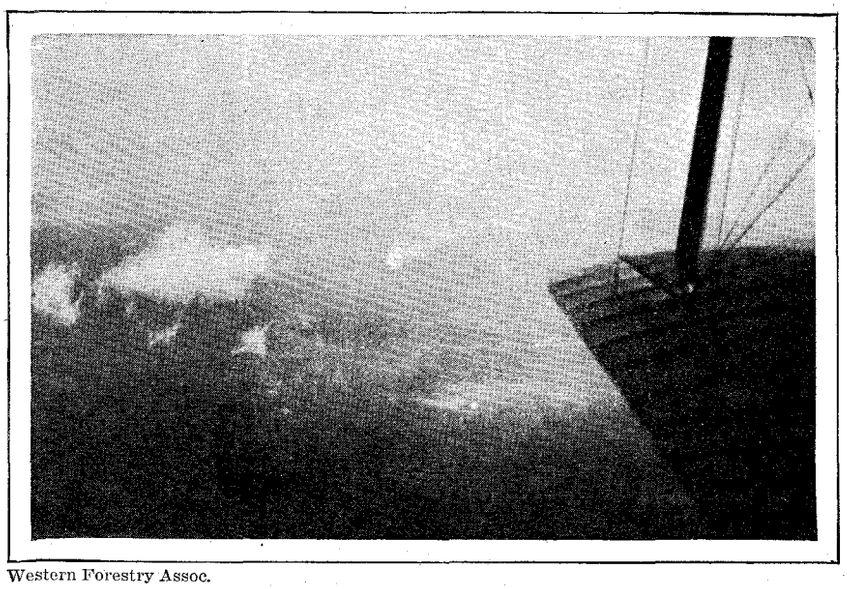
FIGHTING FOREST FIRES FROM THE AIR

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS



Western Forestry Assoc.

"NOW FROM AN AIRPLANE EVERY PART OF THIS RESERVATION WOULD BE IN VIEW ON A CLEAR DAY. A TINY LITTLE CURL OF SMOKE WOULD BE SPOTTED IN A GLANCE"

"HOW many men do you have under you here, Inspector?" asked Arnold Adair, staring contemplatively up at the great fir trees which covered the mesa as thickly as grass on a meadow. Both young men were lying full length on the brown pine needles which formed a soft fragrant carpet stretching for miles away in every direction.

"Sixteen men are supposed to be enough to cover this work," replied the inspector, "but I've actually got less than half that." The inspector of this section of the Forest Reserve was a native woodsman of Colorado, a straightforward and conscientious man, and much to Arnold's liking. Though scarcely more than Arnold's age, Inspector Elijah Williams had a wife and five small children, occupying the two-room log house on the reservation set aside by the Government for the use of the forest inspector. And to Arnold's utter amazement he learned that Inspector Williams received less pay on which to support this large family than his father paid a stenographer at home.

"It's the pay that counts with these men," went on the frank young woodsman, "and you couldn't expect them to work for the Government at one-third what they get as ranch hands down in the canyons. The Government says it can't afford to pay more, but it pays a thousand times more every time a preventable fire gets going here on the mesa."

"Why do you stay, Williams?" inquired the aviator, suddenly.

"Well, I suppose it's because I like the woods," returned the inspector, "and I guess Uncle Sam is hard up, after all. But alone I'm no use when it comes to fighting a forest fire—nor are half a dozen men any use. It takes a hundred men working like beavers day and night to stop a big fire in woods like this if it ever gets good and started."

Arnold stretched out one hand and picked up a loose handful of the dry, resinous pine needles that carpeted the floor of the forest to a depth of several inches. As they dropped slowly through his fingers he pictured to himself the furnace of flames fed by such fuel!

"And look at those tree-trunks, too," sugested the young forester, guessing Arnold's thoughts, pointing upward to where living streams of pitch and rosin were oozing from rifts in the bark. "What do you suppose happens when the flames begin to lick up that high? Why," he continued, answering himself, "they shoot up two hundred feet, devouring every branch and needle to the top, running out on the limbs, where they catch the next tree. In half an hour everything is ablaze for a distance depending on the force and direction of the wind. And that's spruce for your New York papers, and masts for your flagpoles and ships, and telegraph poles, and beams for bridges, and lumber—"

"I know," interrupted Arnold. "Tell me how you put it out when it gets started."

Inspector Williams was apt to wax eloquent and was difficult to control when once launched upon his favorite subject, as Arnold well knew. This new direction in which his attention was turned was evidently not so welcome to him, for he hesitated and dug up the pine needles with his heel for a few moments before answering.

"We don't put it out," he finally admitted, slowly. "It burns itself out.

"You can plow around the ground and stop the fire from spreading, if you've got men and plows enough," continued the fire fighter vengefully, "but up in the trees out of your reach it burns until it gets tired. You can cut them down, perhaps, but one can imagine what working under a dripping fire is, especially when the men are compelled to saw and chop in the midst of an oven and the floor hot under their feet. Usually they burn themselves out, these big fires."

Arnold Adair had stopped in his flight over the Rocky Mountains for a brief visit with David Green, one of his old squadron mates in France, commonly known to his aviator friends as the Kid. David Green, since the armistice, had returned to his father's cattle ranch in the valley of the Unaweep Canyon, where he had welcomed Arnold Adair and his airplane with all the enthusiasm and affection of a comradeship born of the war, tried and cemented, and then for two years sundered. During the last week the two aviators had again flown together unceasingly, over the thirty miles northward to the nearest railway town; to the southward, deep within the rugged mountainous country of the Dolores, where the foot of man had never trod; away over the picturesque mesa land to the east and the sullen Utah plains to the west. The Green ranch at the bottom of the canyon lay at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and the tablelands, covered with the mighty firs and spruce of the Forest Reserve, rose two thousand feet higher into the sky and spread for fifty miles in diameter, exhibiting to the airman its timber in dense array.

It was "bear time" in the moun-

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tains, when the black bear and the red had shed their summer furs, and the approaching fall had cultivated a closely woven fabric in their coats, a few of which Arnold Adair most ardently desired for the floor of his room at home. And it was likewise "fire time" in the mountains, when hunters and camping parties sometimes carelessly let fall a smoking cartridge wad or a burning match into inflammable pine needles to start a conflagration that was quick to spread and impossible to control.

The two aviators, equipped with German rifles and ammunition, brought home after the war as souvenirs by David, had mounted ponies and climbed the heights to the Great Mesa, for a day or two with the bears. After the first day's shooting they had spent the night with Inspector Williams, who with typical Western hospitality made room for the two visitors in the one sleeping chamber shared by his large family with an absence of fuss and ceremony that made an impression on the Eastern-bred New Yorker. David remained at the Williams headquarters to prepare the bearskins they had bagged, while Arnold left early that morning to make the daily trip of inspection with the Government's protector of its forests who was his host.

For five hours they guided their ponies through the silent aisles of the forest, the vistas between the tree-trunks reminding Arnold strongly of the cathedral aisles under the canopy of the great Black Forest of Germany, which he had visited before the war. Those German forests, however, were cleared of underbrush and dead wood. Probably forest fires were rare there because of the popular dread of waste. Arnold remembered

Keystone

"IT TAKES A HUNDRED MEN WORKING LIKE BEAVERS DAY AND NIGHT TO STOP A BIG FIRE IN WOODS LIKE THIS IF IT EVER GETS GOOD AND STARTED. . . . ONE CAN IMAGINE WHAT WORKING UNDER A DRIPPING FIRE IS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE MEN ARE COMPELLED TO SAW AND CHOP IN THE MIDST OF AN OVEN AND THE FLOOR HOT UNDER THEIR FEET"

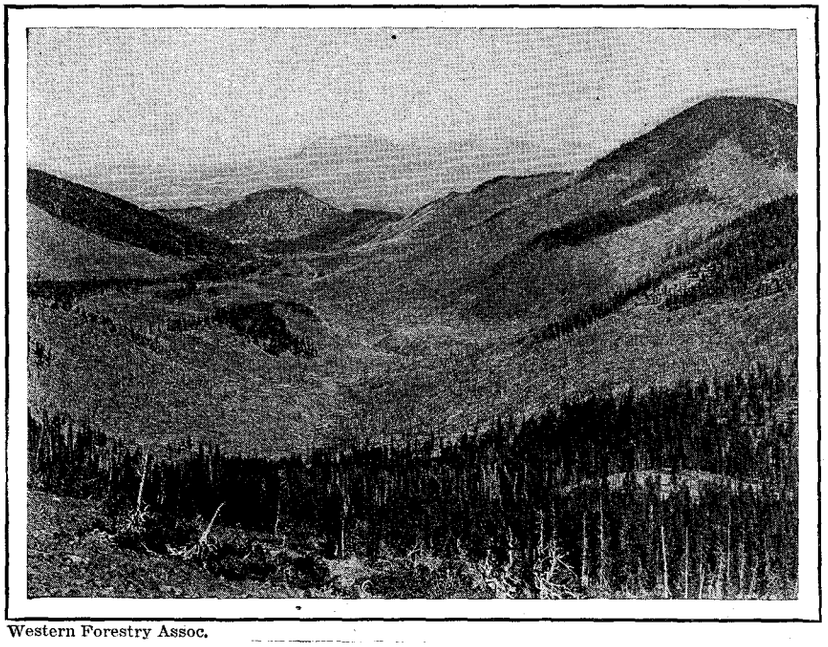
his early summers in Portland, Oregon, where for weeks, and often for months, the atmosphere of the city was thick with the smoke of forest fires fifty miles away. Not until the rains came were these destroyers of the forest subdued. Miles and miles of the Pacific coast exhibited stricken mountain-sides, their bleak outlines covered with white skeletons of barkless tree-trunks, countless values of timber and wood pulp suffered to waste in flames by our profligate people, while they grumbled at paying a double price required for their daily journal because of the scarcity of paper.

Inspector Williams admitted to Arnold the hopelessness of the enormous task upon his hands. But six or seven helpers remained to him at this most crucial time of the year, when the summer's suns had left the forest leaves and underbrush crisp and dry. They were not experienced fire fighters, the best of his trained force having forsaken the underpaid Government service for more lucrative positions in the towns and ranches.

After returning home to supper that night Inspector Williams showed the two visitors his stock of chemical fire extinguishers, racks of axes and shovels, telescoped piles of water buckets, and the divers and sundry implements that were distributed to the small army of fire fighters when the dreaded occasion came. His telephone line connected him with the various huts of his subordinates, scattered a score of miles apart throughout the confines of the area.

"These would make delightful little airplane bombs, wouldn't they, Davie?" suggested Arnold, balancing one of the liquid chemical containers of glass in his hands. "This is the same sort of extinguisher we carry in the machine, except that ours has a sprinkler attachment to squirt into the fire at close range."

"That little bottle of extinguisher might put out a student lamp, but it wouldn't make much impression on a forest fire," observed the practical David, dryly. "If you carried a hundred of them in your cockpit, you might do something. But that would weigh



Western Forestry Assoc.

"STRICKEN MOUNTAINSIDES, THEIR BLEAK OUTLINES COVERED WITH WHITE SKELETONS OF BARKLESS TREE-TRUNKS. COUNTLESS VALUES OF TIMBER AND WOOD PULP SUFFERED TO WASTE IN FLAMES BY OUR PROFLIGATE PEOPLE"

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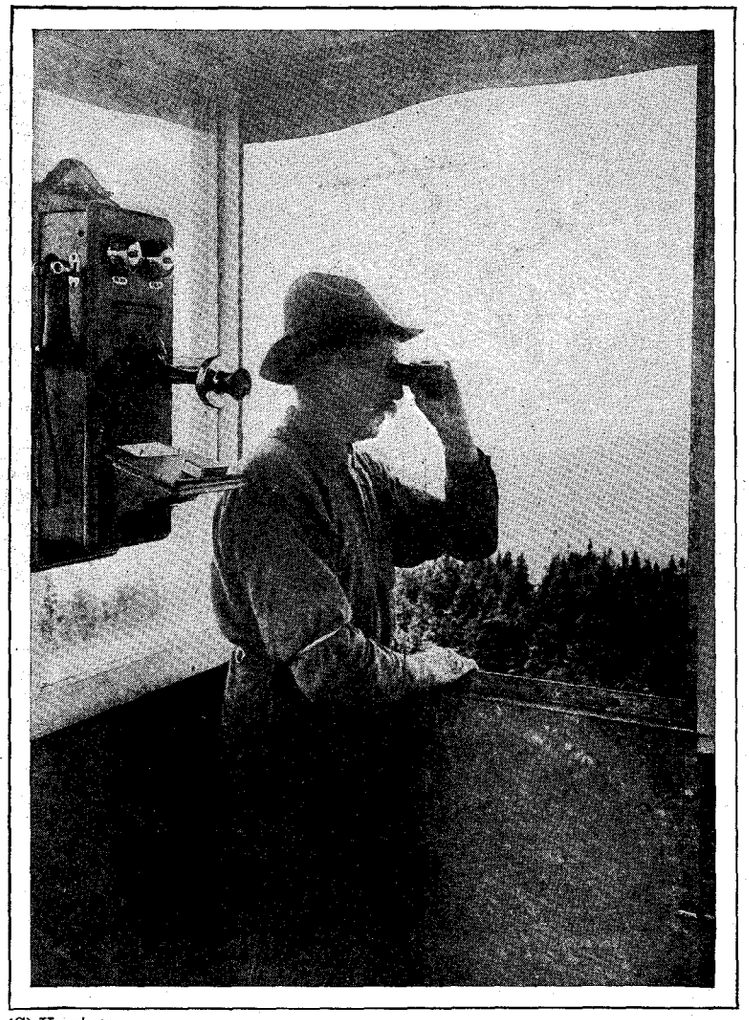

(C) Keystone

"HIS TELEPHONE LINE CONNECTED HIM WITH THE VARIOUS HUTS OF HIS SUBORDINATES, SCATTERED A SCORE OF MILES APART THROUGHOUT THE CONFINES OF THE AREA"

eight hundred pounds, figuring these at eight pounds each. And how much do they cost?"

"Not as much as a single one of those big trees is worth!" interposed the inspector, warmly. "And they are, in fact, very effective. You try them once. But what are you saying about a cockpit? I load five hundred of the bottles on my wagon and haul them over these rough roads with four mules."

"And it takes as many hours to reach the fire with the mules as it would take minutes with an airplane!" retorted Arnold, regarding the forest man earnestly. "Have you ever considered the use of an airplane in detecting forest fires and helping to put them out?" he suggested after a pause.

"Airplanes!" ejaculated the astonished woodsman. "I never saw an airplane, much less considered one for this work. What could an airplane do in woods such as these?"

"That's what we intend to find out," Arnold replied. "If you will turn your mules and cows out of that pasture back of the house to-morrow afternoon, David and I will fly over here and land at your back door in an airplane. I will take you for a ride over your forests and show you how small they are from an airplane.

"I am not so sure a pilot could put a fire out from the air, especially if it had a good start," Arnold went on, "but I was thinking this morning, when you were telling me about your methods of detecting a fire in the woods, how great a headway the fire must get before you receive any warning and arrive at the spot with a mule team. And that's the most important part of it—geting an early warning before the fire has grown out of control, isn't it?"

"Well, how would an airplane help any?" demanded the much perplexed forester.

"I'll show you to-morrow," replied the aviator. "You can cover this entire reservation in an airplane in less than an hour, while your six men, or sixteen men, on horseback, would get less exact information about the location of smoke or fire in a long day's riding. Suppose one of them discovers a fire. He must ride back and telephone for help. By the time that help arrives the fire may be beyond resistance. Every minute saved in reporting a fire must be important. Now from an airplane every part of this reservation would be in view on a clear day. A tiny little curl of smoke would be spotted in a glance. In five minutes the airplane could be landed here at your field, a warning sent out by the telephone, and a load of these fire extinguishers put aboard. In fact," continued Arnold, enthusiastically, "the pilot should always carry a few of these glass extinguishers with him, and after a little practice in bomb dropping he might check a small fire until help arrived on the ground. Of course he could not land his machine in the forest, for airplanes are not made to alight on the limb of a tree like a bird. But he could save a lot of time in sending your fire fighter to the exact spot, and that is the vital point, isn't it?"

Inspector Williams sat silently turning over in his mind this startling information. It was a point of view never before advanced in favor of those circus-performing flying-machines. David Green, he knew, had come home from the war with a romantic halo about his head because he had flown over the German lines and brought back information about the doings of the enemy on the other side. Now this young New Yorker suggests that everyday use of this same flying-machine might save time in detecting fires in the forests. A thought formulated itself in the inspector's mind.

"By jingoes!" he cried; "if you can see as far as you say you can from these airplanes, it wouldn't take so many men to cover this work, would it?"

"Nor so many mules either, Williams," returned Arnold, smiling. "And for every man and mule it dismisses the Government ought to split what it saves among such devoted foresters as you. As for seeing far—wait until to-morrow afternoon and you shall see for yourself."

After an early breakfast next morning the bearskin rugs were tied behind their saddles, and at the end of a five hours' jog through the forest down the steep slope of the mesa trail Arnold and David Green turned into the ranch headquarters in the Unaweep Valley, twenty miles nearer civilization. This fertile valley was nearly a mile wide, once the bed of an ancient river, washed deep and broad by the rushing currents of melted snows from atop the adjoining mesas. In its broad, smooth alfalfa fields and pastures natural landing-fields for the swiftest of aircraft were plentiful.

It was late that afternoon before Arnold Adair's long-distance airplane was ready for the little flight of twenty miles back to the inspector's headquarters. For Arnold had conceived an idea during his long horseback ride home that morning, and, eager to try it out in effect, he and David had labored industriously about the undercarriage of the airplane for several hours after lunch. A bright sheet of

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burnished tin covered, like a reflector, the end of a flame jet from an acetylene-gas tank which was firmly suspended above the landing gear. A simple lighting device, consisting of a jump spark from the batteries, was tested until it was made easy to operate from the pilot seat in the machine. The reflector not only protected the intense flame from the head wind, but it magnified to several thousand candlepower the strength of its glare. Arnold and David both desired to make an impression of the airplane's value upon the imagination of the forest inspector, and this lighting device would make a night flight extremely spectacular, and at the same time would light up the ground upon landing so that obstacles could be avoided on an unfamiliar field.

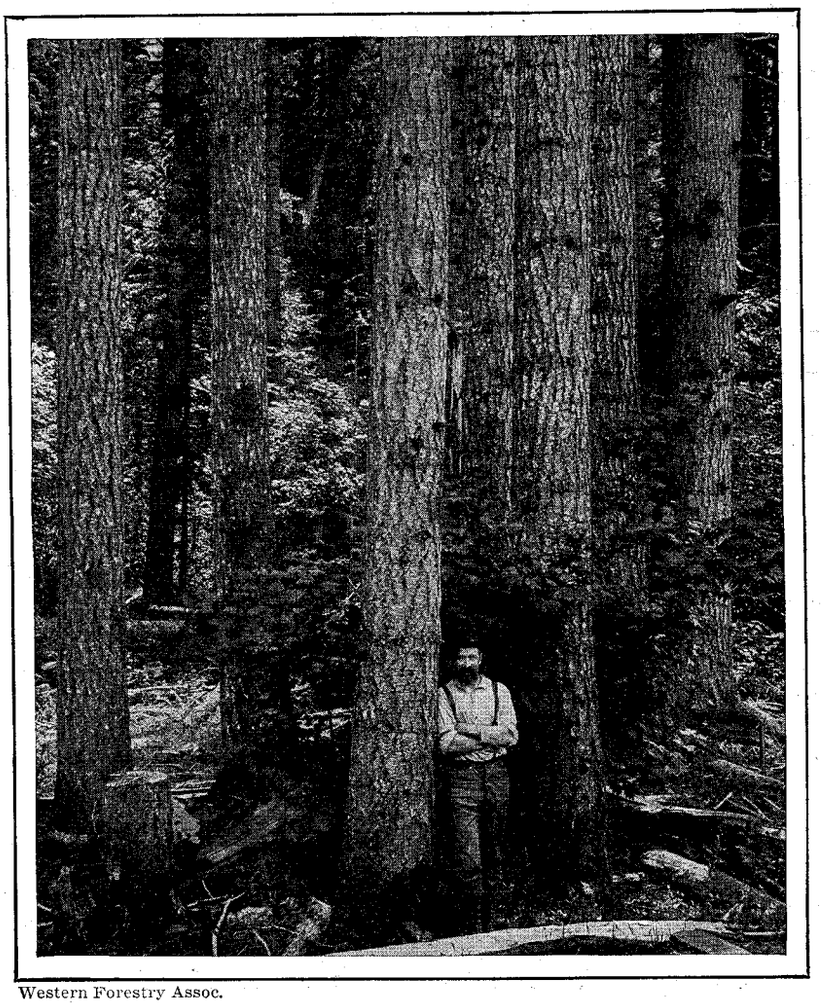
Dusk falls early in deep canyons when the October sun is setting beyond distant mountains, and by six o'clock, when their labors were finished, long dusky shadows almost hid the steep walls of the near-by cliffs. The airplane was wheeled out in the open and headed down the valley into the light breeze. So anxious were the airmen to try out their new invention that the appeals of the cook and cookie to first eat their suppers passed unheeded. Arnold climbed in and adjusted throttle and self-starter while David balanced his weight on the tip of the metal wings, walking across the top wing to his seat in the fuselage. Nothing could break or burn about this new sport machine, it being constructed wholly of metal, even the fuel tanks protected from flames.

Swiftly but almost noiselessly the motor began its purring, the propeller whirred, and the men from the corrals and mess hall gathered at the pasture fence to watch the start. As Arnold opened the throttle and the sturdy craft began to gain momentum, the cowboys waved him a cheer, which was duly acknowledged by David from his daring seat on the edge of his cockpit. The silencer on the exhaust made Arnold's new air cruiser as noiseless as the quietest motor on Fifth Avenue; only the swift whir of the propeller through the air could be heard.

Soaring at a low elevation over the ranch house, Arnold turned on his landing light as an experiment. Its glare lighted up the yards, corrals, and outbuildings until the whole vicinity was as distinct as by daylight.

"This will give old Williams's mules the scare of their lives," shouted David in a voice that was heard by the men below. "Let's zoom her up over the mountains and see what we will see." Arnold stuck up the nose of the gallant little craft until David felt himself resting most of his weight on the back of his neck, and thus they left the shadows of the valley below them and swiftly advanced to meet the stars that twinkled in the clear heavens above.

The twenty miles of rough woodlands that had taken them five hours to traverse that morning on horseback was covered in as many minutes by air. Almost before the cowboys had lost sight of the gleaming meteor that swam upward over the mountain Arnold descried the open break in the tall trees that marked the site of the reservation headquarters. Circling the little field, his powerful light searching out its obstacles and boundaries, he shut off the lagging motor and dropped down neatly to the meadow, taxying slowly across it to the inspector's door.



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"AND THAT'S SPRUCE FOR YOUR NEW YORK PAPERS, AND MASTS FOR YOUR FLAGPOLES AND SHIPS, AND TELEGRAPH POLES, AND BEAMS FOR BRIDGES, AND LUMBER—"

"Land sakes!" shouted Inspector Williams, excitedly; "my children think you're a chariot of fire. I never seen such a thing in my born days."

"Jump in, Elijah," invited David, stepping out of the rear seat and motioning Williams to come forward and take his seat. "Arnold has something he wants to show you on the Unaweep."

"Why, that's thirty miles from here!"

"More's the hurry, then," said the pilot. "Step in lively—and, Davie, hand us up a dozen or two of those glass extinguishers. Put 'em in a basket, or anything, but hurry it up," continued Arnold Adair.

Bewildered and excited by his first ride through the skies, the honest woodsman was some time in distinguishing the bright spots of light that Arnold pointed out to him in the gathering darkness on the opposite mountain across the Unaweep Canyon. But as soon as he had fastened it in his mind his fierce hatred of his old enemy, the forest fire, concentrated all his attention upon it. Swiftly the conflagration drew nearer, and with impatient lamentations he called to the pilot:

"Must have been burning all day to get that bad, and nobody's seen it. It's invisible to people down in the valley, and there's not a soul living within forty miles of it on the mesa."

"We saw it to-night the moment the airplane rose above the edge of the mesa, Inspector. And if we had been in the machine this morning instead of on horseback on the ground we'd have seen the smoke by daylight. Now be sure that belt is tight around you while we take a turn or two over the spot and dump these extinguishers. We can't put it out, but we can check it better from the air than from the ground."

Arnold had brought the airplane down to a short hundred feet above the tree-tops as he shouted his instructions into the inspector's ear. Alternately he switched on his acetylene light to regard the tops of the highest trees beneath them, and extinguished it better to estimate the size of the charred and

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mangled area invaded by the fire. Fortunately, the woods endangered were not of resinous fir, but were of birch and maple, and the ground was far more open. The wind had blown the sparks and flames down a straight and narrow pathway perhaps a hundred yards in width and in length a half of a mile. The rear end of the fire's trail was black and dead, while forward fresh fuel burned vividly. The tops of the trees flamed fiercely until dead leaves and dried twigs were consumed, then as suddenly died down, while smoldering flames crept more slowly up the trunks and traveled out the length of the limbs. Under the consumed trees the fire burned more slowly among the fallen logs and shrubbery on the ground. Here green undergrowth resisted its fury and the surrounding woods sheltered it from the wind.

Where the chemical bombs struck the front ranks of the enemy the fire smothered and died. Arnold Adair, with experienced hand, dropped the bombs carefully as he pivoted exactly above the desired spot from an elevation so close to the tops of the burning trees that the hot breath from beneath scorched their faces and tossed the airplane in unsteady bumps—now up, now down. Expending the last of his store of ammunition upon the brush-heaps just beginning to blaze, Arnold pulled away with a soaring climb, and, wiping his smarting eyes and clearing them as best he could, he peered ahead to pick out some guiding landmark on the black landscape below. The canyon was crossed, the Green ranch identified, and a straight course for the reservation was maintained.

A light in the Williams house enabled him to identify the landing-field hidden in the depth of the fir forest, and, after a preparatory circuit with the landing-light ablaze, he carefully dropped down to earth and released the inspector from his belt.

"Want to go back with more bombs?" inquired David, hurrying to their side and handing up another loaded basket as the inspector weakly climbed out of his seat.

"It must be nearly morning, isn't it?" was the reply of Inspector Williams. The two aviators shouted with laughter.

"We haven't been gone quite half an hour, Williams," Arnold computed, after glancing at his watch. "With another trip or two we can pretty well smother the edges of that fire on the ground."

"You two do that, boys. I've got some telephoning to do. That fire is not on my reservation. That's Inspector Otis's job, over on Unaweep Mesa, and he must get his men up there and stay until morning.

"But I want to say, Mr. Adair," he added, as David Green hoisted up a second basket filled with chemical bombs and climbed into his seat behind Arnold, "that Uncle Sam don't need me nor Inspector Otis nor any of us ground-hogs out here any longer to patrol these mountains on horseback. Those millions of dollars' worth of timber a year won't be burned up here so regular if Washington will send us an airplane or two. Good-night to you, and much obliged. I'm going to telephone over to Sam Otis about this new-fangled fire engine." He paused as he entered the house to shout back, "I wish you'd give him a demonstration."

Arnold promised he would, and the two aviators flew away.

After drenching the front ranks of the creeping enemy with repeated showers of restraining bombs and smashing the rest in the front-line trees already aflame, they turned the solitary fire-fighting craft in the star-lit skies nose downward and slid noiselessly down into the deep valley of the Unaweep towards the lights of the Green ranch.

"We'll have to be nice to the cook, or we'll get a cold supper, Arnold," commented David Green as they glided into the pasture for a landing. "And after supper I want to lay out a design for a regular chemical fire-fighting engine to operate from the air. We can release the gas above the fire and let it settle down like the mustard gas we used in the war. Why won't that smother a forest fire?"

"It will," replied Arnold, as he stepped out of the machine and made for the mess-hall door.

MRS. BARNETT

BUYING UP SLUMS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BARNETT

BY P. W. WILSON

SOME months ago I reviewed in The Outlook the biography of Canon Barnett, the founder of Toynbee Hall, in London, and therefore of the settlement movement throughout the world. The writer was Mrs. Barnett, since decorated with the Order of the British Empire, and to-day, at an age of over seventy, the most venerable and authoritative woman in English public life. It was therefore with much interest that I had word from Mrs. Barnett that she intended, a second time, to brave the hospitality of the New World, crossing Canada westwards and swinging the rest of the circle in the United States, where she had been chosen Honorary President of the Federation of Settlements. In the biography Mrs. Barnett tells of ten weeks spent here, but was apparently a little dazed, for she devotes only one paragraph in two volumes to her reminiscences, expressing, indeed, "a reverence for that great country and its great hodgepodge of peoples, a rever-

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IN THE HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB
Houses grouped around a public unwalled garden

ence not unmixed with fear," but asking, "Will its great soul—for it has a great soul—burst its body? or its spiritual force be crushed by its physical wealth? Much depends on its women"—then exercising in part the vote. But now, after speaking thirty-three times in her first fifty-six days to eager and often over-crowded audiences, Mrs. Barnett had much to say in conversation, always giving a kindly comment, even where her criticism, like her admiration, is candid. On factories, dwellings, law courts, all of which she visited, her opinions were constructive and original.

"I had been chairman," she said, "of the committee in North London which entertained many hundreds of American soldiers. They visited us, and I come here to leave cards in return. We felt it a privilege to have them, and I want to acknowledge the privilege. And, as an Englishwoman, I want to understand America and I want Americans to understand England. I have not talked politics. I have looked into social problems—the life of the people.

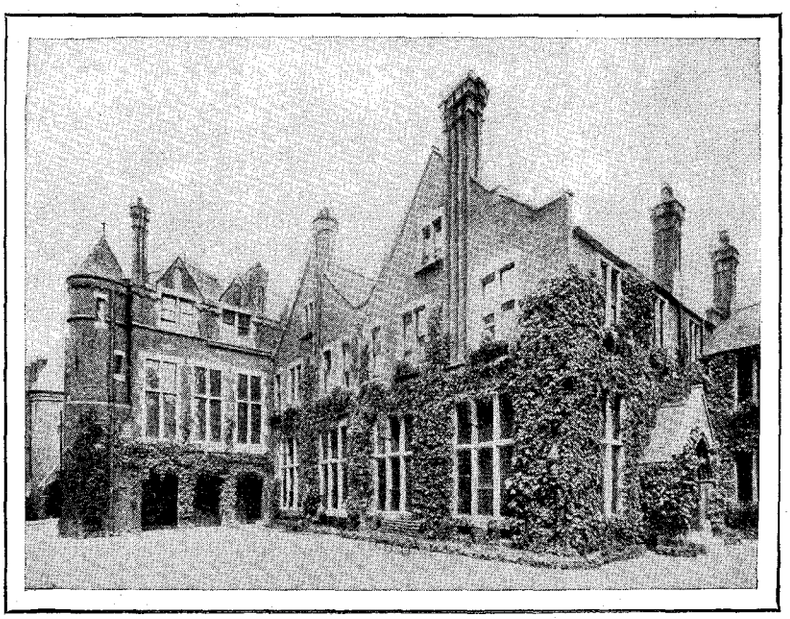
"I go back to tell England, for instance, of the wonderful care and patience shown in your special court, here in New York, for dealing with unfortunate women. We need that object-lesson. Also, I could not but admire greatly the Children's Court. All those boys needed was a garden. I do not object, as do some people, to the sky-scrapers. They are exciting. I like them. And I particularly enjoyed many American factories. They are often quite beautiful—set on the streets in exactly the right proportions. In many cities—Chicago especially—the parks are simply marvelous. And the air of New York—so free from smoke and clouds—is exquisitely clear.

"In the main," went on Mrs. Barnett, "I visited the rich"—meaning, I think, the well-to-do rather than the multi-millionaires—"and I cannot speak with sufficient gratitude of the love and consideration to be found in the beautiful homes which so many families have made for themselves. But at my meetings I have called on American women also to consider the poor, of whose actual life they too often know nothing. In that wider sense, home-making is neglected in the United States. Conditions in London are undoubtedly better than in Chicago. My American friends are astonished when I tell them that London has spent thirty-six million pounds on buying up slums and has clean written off this money from her balance-sheet. On cottages England is spending twenty million pounds, not to be repaid for sixty years." And on the Hampstead Garden Suburb alone, I may interpolate, which Mrs. Barnett herself originated, £1,250,000 has been already spent. Not that her comparisons are always favorable to England—by no means. She is impressed by prohibition, and adds: "I suppose that over there we are all drinking ourselves to death"—which doubtless is not to be taken too literally.

"If," went on Mrs. Barnett, "American capital lures the Italian from his sunny skies, then care should be taken to insure that he has a home to live in when he comes here. In Britain adequate housing is often furnished by the municipality, but this plan appears to be unsuited to American conditions, and my suggestion for the United States is a series of great housing companies, with subsidiaries in smaller areas. We have many such companies in England, which buy up tracts of land, develop them, and then hold the houses for rental, as well as selling them. To some extent the Sage Foundation has worked out this idea, within eighteen minutes of New York, but only for"—what Mrs. Barnett considered—"the rich."

"This segregation of nationalities in the United States is all wrong. Either stop immigration altogether or put an end to the home in a pig-sty. When my American friends come to me and say that if the poor are given baths, they will only use them for coal cellars, I answer that I heard that argument in London exactly fifty years ago. It impressed our great-grandfathers. All these objections—that people prefer the crowded city and like taking in lodgers —mean that the conditions of the poor are neither known nor understood. Our heroes fought for a decent country; and we have no right to neglect home-making.

"New York," continued Mrs. Barnett, "is a little too well built to pull down. But the dumb-bell tenements should be



TOYNBEE HALL
A part of the "Quad" in the famous social settlement in Whitechapel, London

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reconstructed and every fifth block turned into a playground for children. We should *dare to destroy*. The Hindu god Kali—the creator—was also the destroyer. And this applies," she added, with a smile, "to much housing in Chicago." And here Mrs. Barnett gave me a description of sanitary arrangements in that city's tenements, which she emphatically condemned. "We must face the sacrifice," she insisted, "involved in accurate living.

"When I talked to some employers in New York about moving their factories into the country, they raised their hands in amazement. Yet why not? In the case of Lord Leverhulme, our soap magnate, Port Sunlight has been built for the workers, around the factory, as part of the machinery to secure efficient wage-earners, and on the rentals there is an actual loss of £32,000 a year, which the firm meets. In view of the Pullman experiment, where it was held that the employer-landlord held too much power over his people, I advocate rather the policy pursued at Bourneville, near Birmingham, by the Cadburys, who have instituted a distinct housing corporation, separate from their cocoa business, which corporation owns a town where only forty per cent of the inhabitants are employees.

"In the case of cities like New York, there should be cheap transit run far into the country, so opening up vacant land."

So vigorously has Mrs. Barnett advanced this particular plea that she has been invited several times to return to the United States at an attractive salary in order to work out such schemes. Broadly, the system of capitalization advocated is based on the principle that the interest payable on investment shall be limited to, say, 5 or 6 per cent. When I put to Mrs. Barnett this difficulty, that houses can be built nowadays only at an inflated price, which may decline, so wiping out all return on capital and possibly more than this, she took up an attitude at once courageous and militant. "In war," she argued, "we do not mind spending money; and why should we dislike spending it on a fight to remove dirt and disease and unhappiness?" She was further impressed when I told her how architects, paid on percentages of cost, naturally concentrate their highest skill on large buildings, monuments, and so on, instead of cottages, where one design might be multiplied a thousandfold, without advantage to the professional man responsible.

Mrs. Barnett has returned to Europe full of warm feelings for the United States and Canada. In women of her stamp Americans see the real England, devoted not to advertisement or pleasure, but to thought and work and social co-operation.

THE JEW-EATERS

A PICTURE OF RUSSIAN-POLISH-JEWISH RELATIONS

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I AM a Russian-Pole. Some of my best friends were Jews. So I can give much inside information on these complicated relations.

My heart is equally divided between the three nations. No wonder that I regret the bloody misunderstandings between the Poles, Jews, and Russians.

People who watched the fighting between these nationalities naturally took sides. Many of you condemned the Poles for the pogroms, and—unjustly—considered the Poles barbarous for that reason. Many of you wonder why Jews now occupy the highest position in Soviet Russia. How did it happen that they jumped from the "pogromized" nation to the nation of rulers?

Maybe all these questions would become clearer to the international outsiders if they are reminded of a few important historical facts and are given a handful of first-hand observation of the Polish-Jewish-Russian neighborhood life.

I

The cause of pogroms in the imperialistic Russia was always clear for the majority of Russians; we knew that the old Russian Government had to give the oppressed people some outlet for their hatred and indignation. So the Czar's hirelings would organize the good-for-nothing unemployed workers—in plain American language, bums—and, after giving them a sufficient spray of vodka, send the drunken army to beat "the enemies of all good Christians." Quite often such an army was led by an Orthodox priest carrying a holy icon. I have personally seen in the pogrom-famous city of Odessa a "Little Father" sprinkling axes with holy water. Axes to break people's heads!

The great masses of the Russian peasantry had little hostile feeling toward Jews, because they seldom or never saw them. The Jews were not allowed to live in central Russia nor on the Caucasus. The only Hebrews that I saw working in their own fields on the Caucasus were the oldest settlers, the Biblical-looking primitive tribes who came there before any other nation. Other Jews had no right to occupy themselves in agriculture or buy land there.

Being a great lover of the new peasants' poetry, which reflects faithfully and realistically the daily life, troubles, joys, and beliefs of the people, I spent several years gathering the primitive peasants' songs, so-called *chastushka*. Among the thousands of songs describing every part of peasant life—soldiering, love, work, war—there were only a few songs about the Jews, and I saw very little or no hostility in them. The meanest of these little poems I ever heard says:

> I was in a saloon. The old saloon-keeper with side-whiskers did not like me. I kissed his little Jewess, and her father stamped his feet at me.

Another song, telling about the national unfriendliness between the two nations, runs:

> My sweetheart is a little Jew,
> I am conscious to confess it.
> My neighbors laugh at me and scorn me.
> But I cannot part with him.

This was the most of the national hatred I could trace in the innumerable peasants' songs.

The hatred against the Jews was artificially cultivated in Russia by those who needed to turn the people's wrath from its real object. No wonder that our *intelligenzia*, the most educated part of the Russians, defended the Jews and even idealized them. This idealization of the oppressed went so far that in the last years before the Revolution one could not say a word against the Jews in the society of educated people without being considered a barbarian, a "Jew-eater" and dark reactioner. The typically national faults of the Jews (what nation is without its faults?) were completely overlooked by their idealistic defendants, and the Jews were considered a nation of martyrs, heroes, and pioneers of the Revolution.

After the overthrow of Czarism our society wished to reward the Jews for their sufferings. It was partly due to this desire to atone for former injustices that the Jews were given so many important positions in the new Government.

II

In Poland the relations were more complicated. There also the originators of the pogroms were mostly Government officials, but I am sorry to say that the common people also let themselves be aroused by the spirit of national hatred. The reasons were many, historical and economical. Let us not dig deep into history. I will bring a more modern reason I know—the war treachery.

It was a sad fact—may my Jewish friends forgive me that I state it!—most of the war spies on the Russian western front were Jews. I don't blame them. Would you have any feeling of loyalty to a country in which you were constantly persecuted? The Czar's Russia

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was a stepmother to the Jews. Her laws curbed them, her Cossacks beat them, her clergy often helped to kill them. No wonder that the Jewish subjects of the cruel Government betrayed for the sake of money (often under the threat of death) the army of the Czar!

After a spy was caught and hanged it resulted in a pogrom as secondary reaction. The population often joined hands with the Cossacks and drunken killing-men in order to punish the "traitors."

Why did the population join? Are the Poles more barbaric than Russians? No; in fact, they are more civilized; their epoch of literacy and baptism began much earlier than the Russian enlightenment. The reason of their inhuman outbursts was purely economic.

From the old times the Jews were not allowed to live in "Russia's Heart," as central Russia was named. They were exiled to Poland, much against the wish of the Polish population. The involuntary guests aroused the hostility of the Polish citizens by their unusual commercial talents. Being deprived in Russia of the right to higher education, of land-ownership, of occupying any position in the Government or so-called "high society," the Jews naturally drifted into trades and commerce. Driven by necessity, they learned how to exploit exceedingly well the only field left to them. Poles could never keep pace with the shrewd Jewish manufacturers and merchants. Very often Jews were pawnbrokers and money-lenders. In fact, the Jew and the money-lender were synonymous in Poland. There is a Polish proverb: "When in trouble, one goes to a Jew."

Polish aristocrats who owned whole cities would sometimes sublet to the enterprising Jews, not only the homes for rent, but even the churches (Ukrainian ones)! And the superintendents of these churches, also Jews, would charge a certain amount of money for visiting the houses of God. No wonder this aroused general hatred. It is a pity that the hatred was directed against the nearest offenders of the religious feeling; the ignorant masses often even did not know that the churches were rented to the Jews by "genuine Christians," the rich aristocrats.

It is hard for a civilized person to picture such a state of things. However, it actually existed, so history tells us. You can easily conclude what the consequences were. The unbounded religious fanaticism, backed by the economic hatred, born out of exploitation—these were the results of the abnormal life of the Jews in Poland. Of course, if the Jews were given all rights in that country, they would not occupy themselves with such hatred-breeding things as renting Christian churches or lending money on ferocious terms.

The ideas and feelings almost always survive the facts of which they were born. Long after the majority of Polish Jews were reduced to being poor workingmen and small merchants, long after they ceased to have anything in common with exploiting the churches, they were still hated by the ignorant population of Ukrainians and Poles, who ascribed all their misery to the alleged fact that "Jews invaded the country and suck her." The recent pogroms were the consequence of this belief.

I am afraid that it will take years of good-willed propaganda before the last drop of bitterness dries out from the common cup of the miserable life which Poles and Jews are compelled to share. Not all Jews can migrate from Poland. Not all Poles can live without Jewish industry. Both nations suffer privations; the present time is not well chosen for "taking sides." America ought to help the people of both nationalities, Poles and Jews alike, because they are both unhappy. Then, after you feed them, you may judge them.

I am happy to state that Polish-Jewish hostility was far from being general. I remember very well how the tender-hearted Christians would lend their Jewish neighbors the sacred images—to save the "unbelievers" from the pogroms. The Jews would exhibit the icons in their windows, and the enraged mob would pass their homes without robbing them. I observed such action many times.

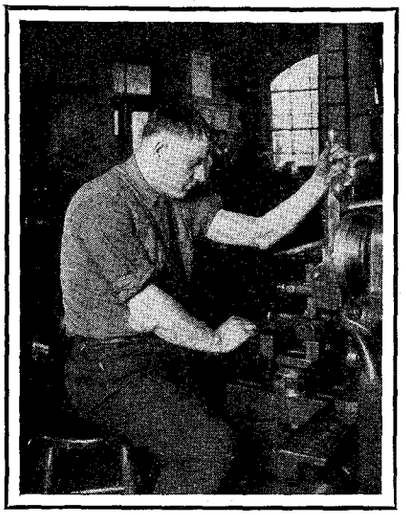
In the circle of acquaintances and friends among whom I spent several years of my life, in the international city of Odessa, I brought away the most sincere conviction that perfect harmony is possible between the Poles, Russians, and Jews. Not once have I heard any unpleasant word concerning my nationality from a Russian nor from a Jew. And I had the opportunity of coming in personal touch with thousands of people, being a journalist, a lecturer, and an organizer. I have traveled all over Russia and Poland. I have lived close to the Jewish, Polish, and Russian masses, and I am happy to state my firm belief that we three nations can overcome completely the dangerous illness of national hatred which we had inherited from the dark and cruel past.

A UNIVERSITY FOR THE WOUNDED

HOW THE COUNTRY'S DEBT TO THE WAR-DISABLED IS BEING IN PART DISCHARGED

BY JAMES P. MUNROE

VICE-CHAIRMAN, FEDERAL BOARD FOR VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

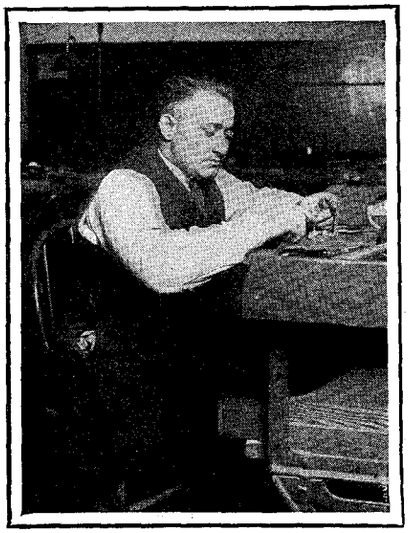


IN THE MACHINE SHOP

Instruction given at the College of the City of New York

ONE of the great world spectacles is the Harvard-Yale football game, which last fall gathered 75,000 persons into the Yale Bowl. The mere handling of that audience involves tremendous problems; yet at this moment the Federal Board for Vocational Education is giving, under the Soldier Rehabilitation Act, practical training to almost an equal body of disabled soldiers, sailors, and marines. Moreover, if Congress broadens out the act as the Board has suggested, at least another "Bowlful" will eventually be similarly trained.

In degree of disability those benefiting



MAKING JEWELRY

Instruction given at the Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, New York City

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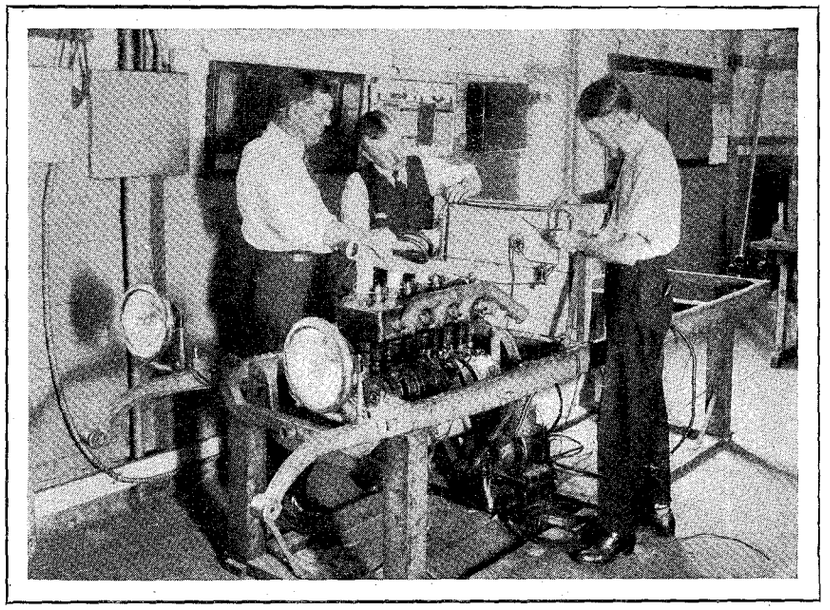

TESTING A MOTOR'S WIRES

A group of Federal Board trainees at the West Side Y. M. C. A., New York City

from the law range from the pianist whose little-finger amputation ruined his chosen career to the unfortunate youth with hands and eyes blown away. In capacity the trainees include everything from the ditch-digger, totally illiterate even in his foreign tongue, to the "highbrow" working for a Ph.D. The places of training include about 1,800 public and private schools and colleges, and 8,500 industrial, commercial, and agricultural establishments, while several thousand men, still in hospitals, are having such measure of education as the doctors permit.

Never before was built up in so short a time a training organization of such size. Never before have the directors of any educational project been called upon, not only to provide training, but also to recruit their students, to examine them medically and vocationally, to give each one effective vocational advice, to thresh out workable contracts with hundreds of schools and thousands of employers, to persuade every one of them to adapt the teaching to the special needs of a complex variety of disabled men, to organize a follow-up staff competent to see that those in training are getting what they should, to establish for each trainee a genuine job objective which, after training, will pay him a full and steady wage, to enlist real co-operation from practically every existing social service, to secure medical supervision and care for all trainees needing them, and to make certain that every man of the tens of thousands in training receives twice a month his maintenance pay.

This huge undertaking, before which the responsibilities of the largest universities pale into insignificance, is the practical way in which the Federal Government is endeavoring to make some adequate return to those who risked everything and gave much in the stupendous conflict with the Central Powers. So overwhelming were the immediate problems of organizing a mammoth fighting force that not until we had been in the World War fourteen months was it possible to devise legislation to provide stimulating rehabilitation rather than mere deadening pensions for disabled ex-service men.

Like all other untried pieces of humanitarian legislation, the Soldier Rehabilitation Law, avowedly tentative and incomplete, had to be made workable through actual experience. During this process of trying out there were inevitable mistakes and delays; aggravated, of course, by misunderstandings, the nerve tension of the war, and the pressing need for haste. By the middle of July, 1919, however, experience had shown the best solutions, the Nation had become fully aroused to the magnitude of the problem, the soldiers themselves had grasped the meaning of the work, and in the year and a half which has since elapsed the Federal Board for Vocational Education has made a phenomenal record.

In that short time the Board has sought out and registered over 280,000 possible trainees, of whom it has found about 85,000 not eligible under the Rehabilitation Law. Each one of those men, however, is entitled, upon asking, to a careful review of his case. Of its "live load" (as of November 1) of 195,000 the Board has ascertained that almost exactly half are entitled to training under Section 2 of the law, which assures not only tuition and educational supplies for the trainee but also generous maintenance for himself and his dependents. It has determined that an additional 72,000 may have, under the law, free tuition and books, but not maintenance; the law restricting the full measure of aid to "every person enlisted, enrolled, drafted, inducted, or appointed in the military or naval forces of the United States, including members of training camps authorized by law, who, since April 7, 1917, has resigned or has been discharged or furloughed therefrom under honorable conditions, having a disability incurred, increased, or aggravated while a member of such forces, or later developing a disability traceable in the opinion of the Board to service with such forces, and who, in the opinion of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, is in need of vocational rehabilitation to overcome the handicap of such disability."

This would seem to indicate that the status of only about ten per cent of those registered men is still to be ascertained. But such a remainder is inseparable from a rapidly growing enterprise like this, with thousands of new men coming from hospitals or elsewhere every week. From July 1 to November 1, 1920, for example, the Board secured the names of 41,000 new men who might be entitled to vocational rehabilitation; yet during that same period the undetermined cases were reduced by 30,000. This shows that final decisions are being reached upon seven hundred cases every working day.

In every such case there must be determined four essentials preliminary to training: (1) honorable discharge; (2) injury received in or as a consequence of military or naval service; (3) need of training in order to overcome a vocational handicap; and (4) feasibility of training. It is often exceedingly difficult to secure trustworthy data connecting disability with service; thousands of injured men, in their anxiety to get home, swore that they were not disabled, a statement which the Federal Board must now disprove; and in many instances it requires the utmost skill and patience to ascertain, on the one hand, the degree of physical unfitness and, on the other, adaptability for training.

Eligibility having been established, the disabled ex-service man must then be advised, placed in training with a definite objective, and his work supervised. Any one who has had to give vocational guidance to even a single youth can appreciate what the task has been to provide it for tens of thousands with every sort of disability, every type of educational background, and scattered, moreover, over the whole United States.

Of the men eligible under Section 2 of the law, which provides both maintenance and tuition, 60,000 have actually entered training. Of the 38,000 eligibles who have not yet availed themselves of their rights, nearly 10,000 are not yet physically well enough to do so. At least an equal number refuse to believe that training is worth while, despite every argument placed before them by the Board, the Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and many other agencies. A third large group, including notably the mountain whites and the colored, are suspicious that this proffered op-

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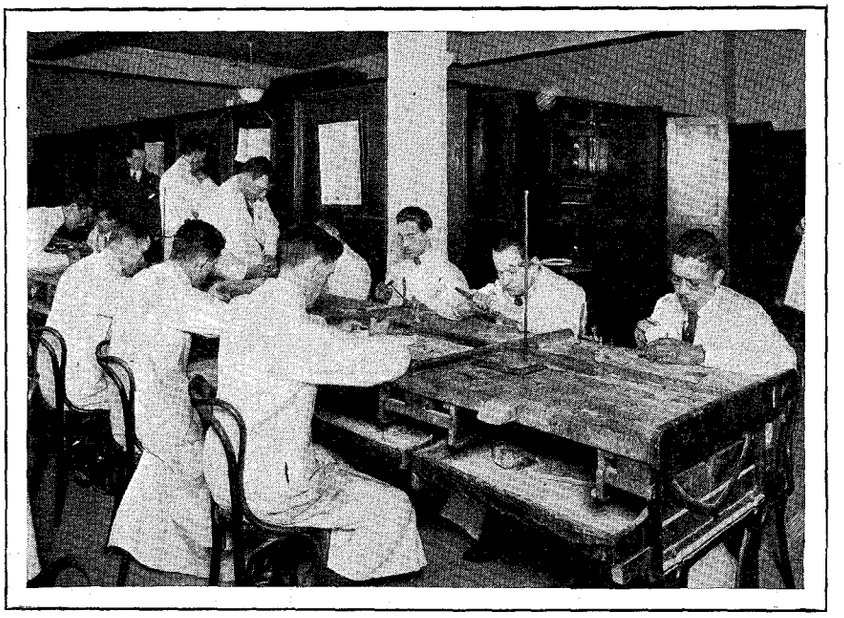
portunity will force them back into military service. And the largest group of all is made up of those who, under the abnormal industrial conditions which until recently obtained, have had no difficulty in securing employment, and have therefore declined or postponed training. The motives for refusing the Government's offer have been ascertained in practically every case, and whenever any one changes his mind —as hundreds are doing every week—he can take up training without delay.

Of the 72,000 eligible under Section 3 of the Vocational Rehabilitation Law, only about 7,500 have thus far entered training. This low percentage was to be expected, since Section 3 does not permit maintenance pay; and the Board is urging Congress to eliminate the distinction between Sections 2 and 3, so that large numbers not able to maintain themselves except through Government subsidy may secure the benefits of the law.

About ten thousand men who had begun training have discontinued. Of this number, probably half have done so only temporarily, either because of ill health or because of immediate opportunities to secure high wages. Of the remainder, at least several thousand have entered permanent employment and should be added to the group of graduates. Comparatively few have been dropped, and the number, other than those well employed, who have permanently given up training represents a much smaller percentage than is met in ordinary schools. Since the courses of training average usually about two years, and since the great majority did not begin until the fall of 1919, it follows that the number thus far graduated is only about two thousand. This in itself is striking testimony to the genuineness of the training and the earnestness of the trainees.

The early decision of the Board to utilize existing schools, colleges, industrial plants, etc., rather than to create new institutions, not only has saved to the Government hundreds of millions of dollars, but has been a leading factor in restoring the disabled quickly to normal social and economic life. To have segregated them in Federal training institutions would have been most harmful to them and would have placed the Federal Government in the anomalous position of competing with State education. Moreover, it would have thrown away the excellent opportunity which the Federal Board plan is giving to strengthen many institutions on the vocational side, to show a number of schools and colleges new opportunities for educational service, to stimulate training "on the job," and to induce close co-operative relations between industry and schools. No compensation other than the regular fees is paid to any institutions except in those few cases where it is clearly shown that the work for the disabled involves a substantial increase in comparative cost. Industrial and commercial plants ask,



A MECHANICAL DENTISTRY SCHOOL

Another group of trainees at the West Side Y. M. C. A., under the Federal Board

as a rule, no fee for training, yet in only a very few instances has there been any attempt to evade teaching responsibility.

To build up in so short a time a staff competent to handle the complex problems of advisement, supervision, and follow-up with tens of thousands of men scattered all over the country has been very difficult, especially since Federal practice does not permit of salaries comparable with what States, cities, and especially private enterprises, are offering for similar efficiency. It has involved a disheartening large turnover and has necessitated much trying out of unknown material. It is gratifying to record, therefore, that a large proportion of the staff have risen to the opportunities presented by this new and difficult work of human conservation, and that many have made marked financial sacrifice in order to help the soldier. The country owes a debt to hundreds of men and women who have labored day and night on meager pay and without thought of any other reward than the consciousness of having been of genuine service.

From the very beginning the spirit of the Board and of its employees, from the Director to the humblest clerk, has been that of doing the utmost that the law permits for the disabled man and to do it with the least "red tape," in the heartiest spirit of sympathy, and at the smallest cost consistent with good work to the taxpayer. Many orders stressing the need of the "big brother" spirit have gone out from the Central Office; every conference of workers puts this essential attitude in the foreground, and, as already stated, the response from practically the whole force has been remarkable. Promotions have been earned; demotions, when necessary, have been accepted in the right spirit; and transfers from one office to another, when shown to be for the good of the service, have been cheerfully acquiesced in. Few, if any, Government organizations have been so decentralized as has the Federal Board, and probably with none other has co-operation with related Federal and with State and private agencies been carried so far. In this way the Board has brought itself right to the disabled man's home, has multiplied its services many times, and has carried them into needed fields which it could not itself enter.

Were space available, case after case could be cited where the work of soldier rehabilitation is building new men, is carrying opportunity and hope to thousands who had before dreamed in vain of education, and is making real Americans out of great groups of illiterate foreign-born. Many stories could be told of the discovery of talents—of draymen, for example, turned into artists; of special services to the blind, the deaf, and those with multiple wounds. There should be included also an account of the widely extended work, in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service, for the thousands of men afflicted with tuberculosis, with various nerve disorders, and with other chronic or recurrent ailments—work that will have wide-reaching influence upon the National health.

Far-sighted, however, as was the action of Congress in providing vocational rehabilitation for the war-disabled when considered solely from the economic standpoint, that is but a minor aspect. The greatest effect will eventually be seen in the transforming of a large and influential body of men who, had they been neglected, would have become Bolsheviki, because of what they would have rightly regarded as National ingratitude, into a coherent group, enthusiastic for American ideals, grateful to Uncle Sam, and evidencing by their own competence the effectiveness of sound training in conserving men.

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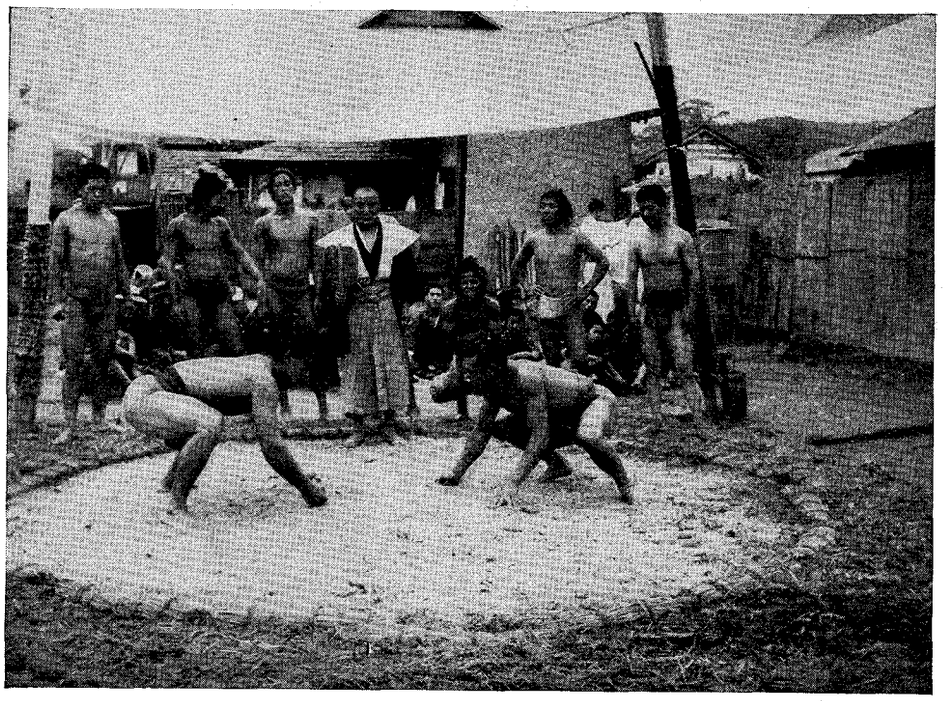
WRESTLING WITH MEN AND MUD



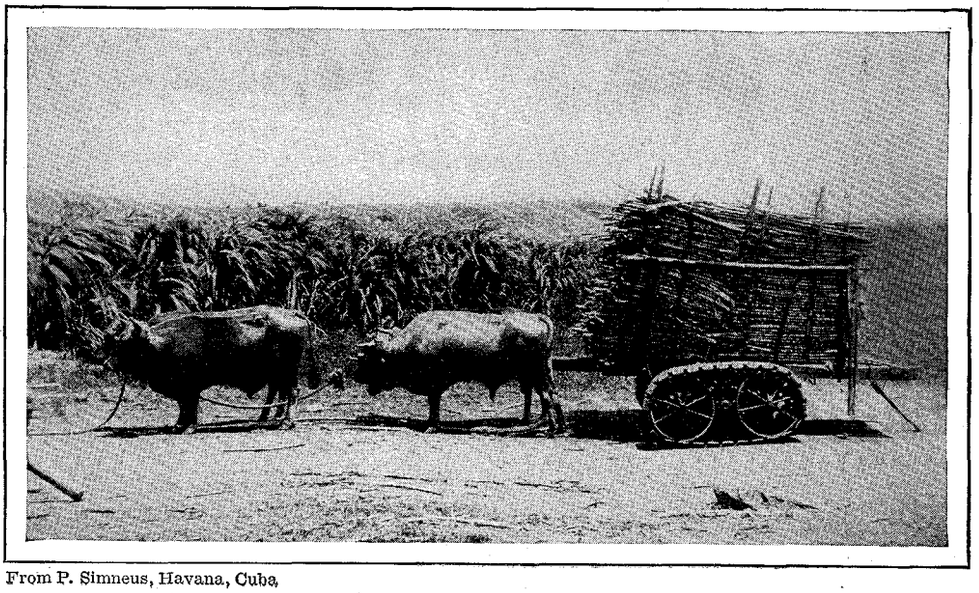
From G. W. Phelps, Tokyo, Japan

A SUMO BOUT IN TOKYO

If an athletic event in America occurs in ten successive years, it becomes in the parlance of the sporting page "a classic." Japan has been holding national wrestling championships steadily since the year 1624 and the first recorded match took place in 23 B.C. In 858 the throne of Japan was wrestled for by the two sons of the Emperor Buntoku. Japanese wrestlers belong to a closely organized guild, the highest order of which, in feudal times, ranked next to the Samurai. The two wrestlers crouching in the ring are in the position for the beginning of a bout. After the bout has started the first wrestler who touches the ground with any part of his body except his feet is the loser

CUBA REPLACES THE WOODEN-WHEELED OX CART WITH THE "TANK" TYPE

"In my travels over the island of Cuba," says the sender of this photograph, "I came across a new idea in the hauling of cane which is no doubt a result of the World War—a continuous type belt wheel that is being adopted in place of the old hand-made seven-foot wheel in use for the past centuries. These wheels have made it an easy matter to get the sugar-cane from the fields where there are no roads; and in wet weather, of which they have a great deal, the hauling is accomplished without any trouble or serious delay"



From P. Simneus, Havana, Cuba

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THE BOOK TABLE

AN UNTITLED NOBILITY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

IT would be difficult to name any family in American history which has occupied as prominent a position and exerted as great an influence for as long a time as the Adams family. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, have successively appeared as great leaders, but have had no family successors. But John Adams, the second President of the United States, was followed by his son, John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, and eminent before his Presidency as a successful diplomat and after his Presidency as a courageous and uncompromising pioneer in the anti-slavery campaign brought to a successful issue by Abraham Lincoln. And John Quincy Adams was in turn followed by his son, Charles Francis Adams, who was our Minister to England during the Civil War, and who accomplished successfully a task as difficult as was ever given in our history to any American diplomat. Thus from 1775, when John Adams as member of the Continental Congress seconded the nomination of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, to 1872, when Charles Francis Adams, grandson of John Adams, brought his public service to a close by his action as a member of the Alabama Arbitration Tribunal—that is, for nearly a century—the Adams family occupied a position and exerted an influence in American affairs which is without a parallel in our history. The "Cycle of Adams Letters"[1] is a collection of letters exchanged between three of that family—Charles Francis Adams and his two sons, Henry and Charles Francis, Jr.—during our Civil War, 1861–1865. Henry was in England, companion and unofficial private secretary of his father; Charles Francis, Jr., was in the United States, during most of the time an officer in the Federal army. The editor of these letters would have enhanced the value of the collection for the general reader if at certain points (not many) he had added a brief note indicating the event out of which the letter grew or to which it referred.

These letters make clear the fluctuating emotions and the conflicting opinions which characterized that epoch.

The curiously contradictory character of the British people is brought out in what, as here narrated, assumes some amusing aspects, but at the time must have been anything but amusing to our representative who had to deal with them. Fortunately, he had vision, courage, and a sense of humor, and all three were needed. Aristocratic England still had control of the machinery of government. But the French Revolution and the Chartist Movement had alarmed these rulers. The "Reform Bill," extending the suffrage and abolishing the old corrupt boroughs, had been enacted, and the will of the common people, inspired by the political principles of the Puritans and by the religious enthusiasms of the Methodists, could not be ignored. To keep the democratic tide from ebbing without appearing to appeal to the people against their constitutional rulers was the difficult task set the diplomat. And this task was made the more difficult because in the early years of the war our own people had not perceived, and our own Government had not officially acknowledged, that the existence of slavery was even endangered, so that the claim of Southern agents that the South was fighting for self-government against a centralized despotism was difficult to combat.

From the very first Charles Francis Adams, though no abolitionist and not in sympathy with the Garrison principles or methods, saw this clearly. He writes to his son in February, 1862: "To me at this distance it looks very much as if the slave tenure must be irreparably damaged by the social convulsion through which the country is passing. . . ." Six weeks later the course of events has become clearer, and he writes: "Never did people pay such a penalty for their madness. And the worst is yet to come. For emancipation is on its way with slow but certain pace. Well for them if it do not take them unaware." This is in April, 1862. In June, 1864, the emancipation proclamation has been issued, has made the issue, which was before obscure, clear to the English people, has been welcomed with characteristic calmness by the father and with characteristic enthusiasm by his son, and the father, foreseeing the problem which emancipation will involve, is ready to face it:

> We are yet passing through the painful trial consequent upon the effort to remove a great cause of weakness. How much it may yet cost us, it is quite impossible to calculate. But the time should not pass without effecting the object, even if it be at the expense of the deportation of the whole body of existing slave-owners. It may take us fifty years to recover from this effort. That is as a mere moment in comparison with the blessing it will give to our latest posterity to be free from the recurrence of such a calamity from the same cause.

He sees in the war a fulfillment of the warning uttered by Thomas Jefferson in the words, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." "How long," he writes to his soldier son on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, "this chastisement is to be continued, it is idle to attempt to predict. Only one thing is clear to me, and that is the paramount duty to future generations of not neglecting again to remove the source of that evil." He sees in the war "the penalty which all of us are equally to pay for our offense before God," and equally clearly does he see what is the only hope of salvation: "If the great trial have the effect of purifying and exalting us in the future, we as a nation may yet be saved." It is interesting and instructive to note that this letter was written about eight months before Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Living in England, studying and taking an important part in European affairs, Charles Francis Adams sees very clearly that a civil war involves more than the existence of American slavery; it involves the existence of autocracy in the Old World. In April, 1864, apropos of Maximilian's ill-starred expedition to Mexico, he writes: "The existence of the United States as a prosperous republic has been the example against which all reasoning contrary to the popular feeling has been steadily losing strength. It was the outbreak of the war that in an instant gave such revived hopes to all the privileged classes in Europe. For three years they have been making every possible use of the advantage. But it is now manifestly on the wane once more. Napoleon's Mexican empire, as a bridle upon the movement of American republicanism, is the only practical result of that crisis." And in June following he foretells the result in European life of a Federal victory in the Civil War: "The time is coming when all these frivolities will pass away, and the great national problem of privilege only to the select few will come up and demand a stern solution." No one could then have imagined how stern the solution would be.

To one who loves the mother country and, despite her sometimes egregious faults, admires her part in the history of civilization, and of that number I am one, the reading of these letters is not altogether pleasant. Such a reader has to remember that England had her Cromwell and her Hampden as well as

[1] A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–1865. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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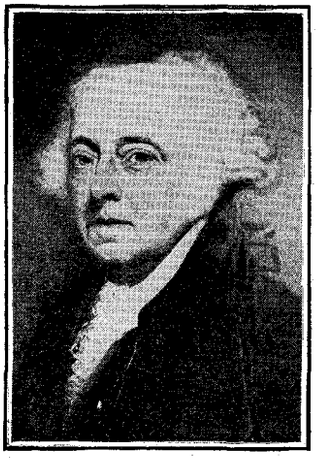
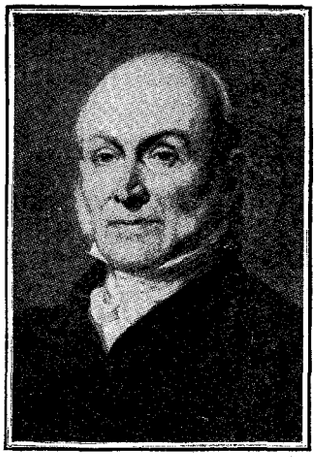
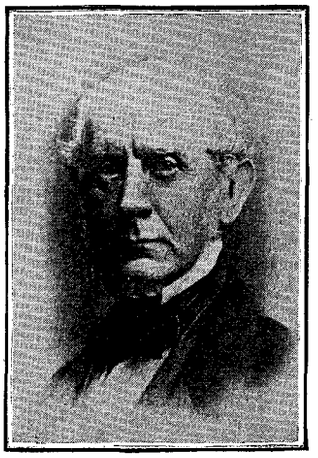


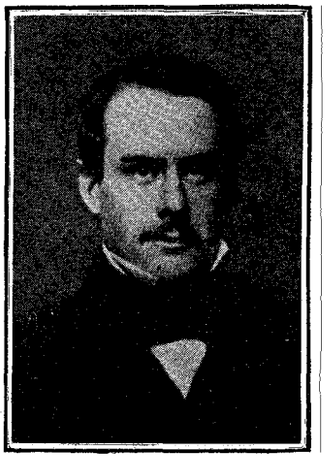
JOHN ADAMS



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

(From "A Cycle of Adams Letters")

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ADAMS FAMILY

her James I and Charles I, her Burke and Chatham as well as her George III and Lord North, her common people as well as the political leaders who wished to control them. Mr. Adams puts the two classes in sharp contrast:

> As to us, I fancy you can understand the pleasantness of the position we are occupying in the meantime. The leading newspapers roll out as much fiery lava as Vesuvius is doing, daily. The clubs and the army and the navy and the people in the streets generally are raving for war. On the other side are the religious people and a large number of stock jobbers and traders, together with the radical following of Messrs. Cobden and Bright. The impression is general that Mr. Seward is resolved to insult England until she makes a war. He is the *bête noir*, that frightens them out of all their proprieties.

This was written in December, 1861, at the time when Commander Wilkes had taken from an English vessel Messrs. Mason and Slidell, commissioners to England from the Confederate States, and English pride and American pride were both aflame. Both in England and in America was coming the belief that Seward meant war. Mr. Adams did not lose his head nor share the "delusion of my countrymen." "They may regard Messrs. Mason and Slidell as more precious than all their worldly possessions. May be so. For my part, I would part with them at a cent apiece."

The delusions throughout the Civil War encouraged by the Government and seriously reported by the press, by even so eminent a journal as the London "Times," furnish an amusing illustration of how easy it is to deceive a people who wish to be deceived. Happily for both countries, the common people of England did not wish to be deceived; it was only the politicians and the editors who deceived themselves. For example:

> London, October 17, 1862.
>
> . . . General McClellan's work during the week ending the 18th has done a good deal to restore our drooping credit here. Most of the knowing ones had already discounted the capture of Washington and the capitulation of the Free States. Some had gone so far as to presume the establishment of Jefferson Davis as the President instead of Lincoln. The last number of the "Edinburgh Review" has a wise prediction that this is to be effected by the joint labors of the "mob" and of "the merchants" of the city of New York. This is the guide of English intelligence of the nature of our struggle.
>
> London, June 19, 1863.
>
> . . . Our good friends in this country are always provided with a little later than the last news from America, which is equally sure to be very bad for us. We have just survived a complete capitulation of the whole army of General Grant. . . . Washington has been taken several times. I am not sure whether Boston has been considered in great peril or not. So little are the majority acquainted with our geography that such a story is as likely to be believed as any of the rest. The only effect all this has upon us is to furnish just so many instances of the intense earnestness of the benevolence prevailing in these parts.

The self-portraiture of the two sons is scarcely less interesting than that of the father. All three have the New England temperament, but are of very different types.

Charles Francis, Jr., is a typical New England soldier. If he has not much enthusiasm, he has what is much better, unfailing courage which neither incompetence in his superiors nor disasters in the field can daunt. He illustrates a not very frequent virtue in the too-volatile American character, that of steadfastness. He is a vigorous disciplinarian, but not a martinet, is devoted to the care and comfort not only of his men and of his prisoners, but of his horses and his mules. He declines a promotion which would greatly enhance his comfort and his chances for reputation because it would decrease his opportunity for self-sacrificing service. His descriptive letters of his campaigning, especially some to his mother, are admirable specimens of graphic war literature. He criticises but never complains. The following cheerful picture is characteristic of his spirit:

> (Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father)
>
> Warrenton, Va.
> Christmas evening, 1863.
>
> . . . This evening finds me in reality in winter quarters. To-night for the first time this year I feel comfortable in my new house. . . . It cost me twelve dollars in money. I bought half of a roof of a building from which the soldiers had stripped the sides. This was divided at the ridge-pole and the two sides constitute the two sides of my house, six feet high by fourteen long, the front and rear logged up, with an open fireplace in the rear, the whole covered with an old hospital tent fly, and with a floor of boards—warm, roomy, and convenient, two beds, three chairs and a table, and everything snug. Don't talk to me of comfort! Bah!! Everything is relative. I have more real, positive, healthy comfort here than ever I did in my cushioned and carpeted room at home! So much for my room, and now for my letter.

The reader gets from these letters a much pleasanter portrait of Henry than from his autobiography. There is almost nothing of that self-depreciating egotism which characterizes "The Education of Henry Adams." But we do not find any indications of that religious faith which throughout that perplexing time kept the father so unruffled that Henry called him his "placid chief."

I venture to sum up in two sentences the impression left on one reader of these letters:

As literature they present a very vivid picture, full of color, of a critical period of American history.

As unconsciously self-painted portraits, they introduce to us a father and two sons, of strikingly different temperaments but united by a spirit of unfailing loyalty—loyalty to their country, to their principles, and to each other; the latest, we hope not the last, representatives in our National political life of an untitled American family.

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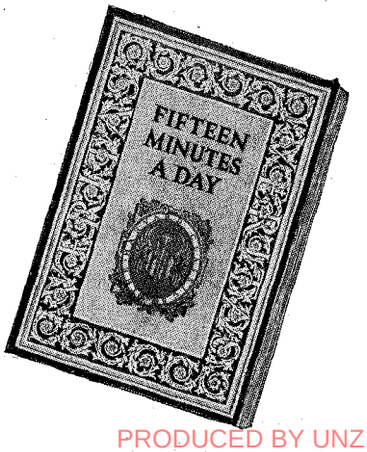

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

America's Forests; The Tree Crop

IN this issue Mr. Pack, Mr. Allen, Mr. Driggs, and The Outlook all write about one of our indispensable natural resources—our forests.

For what reasons has the conservation of our forests not received proper attention in the past? What are forest reserves? Where are such reserves located in the United States? How are they managed?

What can you tell of the efforts of President Roosevelt and of Gifford Pinchot towards the solution of our forest problem? Can you name any other Americans who have been or are vitally interested in this question?

Is your own State doing anything to promote forest conservation and to assist the people in the planting and the care of trees? If so, tell what is being done.

Have we a National forestry policy? What points would you emphasize in outlining a forestry policy?

Explain carefully the following terms: *Natural resources, corrals, sacrosanct, arboreal, primeval.*

The question of the conservation of our natural resources is discussed in the following books: "Foundations of National Prosperity," by R. T. Ely (Macmillan); "United States Forest Policy," by J. Ise (Yale University Press); "Conservation Reader," by H. W. Fairbanks (World Book Co.).

The Jew-Eaters; Anti-Jewish Propaganda

What explanation does Miss Moravsky give as to why the Jews have been objects of hatred in Russia? Does this seem to you to be a satisfactory explanation?

If you were asked to sign a protest against anti-Jewish propaganda in the United States, what reasons would you give for signing the protest or refusing to sign it?

One daily editor tells us that the Jews in America "have prospered and have taken a great part in the making of the Republic." What facts are there in our history which you would use in support of this editorial comment?

There are those who believe that giving publicity to the campaign against the Jews in America will do more harm than good. One point brought out by these critics is that such notice will make a National issue out of what is now mostly imagination. Do, or do you not, agree with these critics?

Can you give any illustrations from American history which tend to show that "ideas and feelings survive the facts of which they were born"?

Define these expressions: *Jews, Hebrews, pogroms, imperialistic, intelligenzia, propaganda, insidious, prejudice.*

The First Real Test of Mr. Harding

How many members has the President's Cabinet? How do they receive their positions? What are the chief functions of the Cabinet?

What principles do you think should guide President-elect Harding in the selection of his Cabinet?

Is a President-elect entirely free to select whom he wishes for his Cabinet? Is Mr. Harding's measure of freedom of choice greater than was President Wilson's when he was President-elect?

Why is the position of Secretary of State generally considered the premier post in the Cabinet? What are the chief duties attached to this office?

What is meant by The Outlook's statement, "The payment of political debts through placement in high office"? Is such practice always to be condemned? Do you know of any of our Presidents who have paid political debts in this way? If so, what were the results?

We have taken the word "cabinet" from the British. What distinction should be noted between their Cabinet and ours?

What conditions and opportunities, in your opinion, should make it possible for Mr. Harding to carry on a genuinely constructive administration?

If you are looking for some valuable books on American Government, read "The State and the Nation," by E. Jenks (Dutton); "School Civics," by F. D. Boynton (Ginn & Co.); "American Government," by F. A. Magruder (Allyn & Bacon).

Buying up Slums

What do you know of the services rendered by Toynbee Hall?

Have we similar institutions in the United States? If so, compare their management and activities with those of Toynbee Hall.

Mrs. Barnett is quoted on page 147 of this issue as saying, "In the wider sense, home-making is neglected in the United States." If true, this is a very serious charge. Is it true?

Do you know of reasons why American cities should not build homes? What reasons can you give for spending public money for this purpose?

One of the points in the ten-point financial creed of the Y. M. C. A. is "Build a Home." Does home-owning tend to steady one's economic and political views? What other benefits of owning one's home can you name?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES P. MUNROE is Vice-Chairman of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. He is President of the Munroe Felt and Paper Company, of Boston. He is President of the Alumni Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and managing editor of the "Technology Review." He is the author of numerous books, including "The Educational Ideal," "Adventures of an Army Nurse," and "The New England Conscience." His home is in Boston.

CHARLES LATHROP PACK is President of the American Forestry Association. He lives in Lakewood, New Jersey. For a generation he has been a practical forester and a pioneer in forestry reform. He began his work as a lumberman in Michigan, and has been the owner of large tracts of timberland in the United States and Canada. He was President of the Fifth National Conservation Congress. During the late war he formed and maintained the National War Garden Commission, more than trebling the number of individual gardens in America and increasing by at least half a billion dollars the country's revenue from gardens.

MARIA MORAVSKY contributed "Uplifting the Clown" and "The Subway, Elevated, and Airplane from a Sentimental Point of View" to recent issues of The Outlook. She came to the United States in 1917 as a newspaper correspondent. Her first story was published in "Harper's Monthly." Edward J. O'Brien mentioned it as one of the best short stories of the year in his volume for 1919. "I was very glad to be thus adopted into the family of American writers," says Miss Moravsky. Her first essay was published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1918.

P. W. WILSON was a member of the British House of Commons from 1905 to 1910, on the Liberal side; for seven more years he occupied a seat in the Press Gallery in Parliament. He is now American correspondent of the London "Daily News." He was born in 1875. As an undergraduate of Cambridge he took mathematical honors, was editor of the University magazine, the "Granta," and was President of the Cambridge Union Society, the chief undergraduate debating club. He has contributed frequently to the London "Truth," "Blackwood's," the "Contemporary," "Fortnightly," and "Guardian." He is the author of the following books: "The Christ We Forget" and "The Unmaking of Europe."

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS revives in this issue his fiction hero, Arnold Adair, who has already figured in various exciting narratives in The Outlook.

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GUARDING THE NATION'S WOOD-LOT

BY E. T. ALLEN

FORESTER, NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

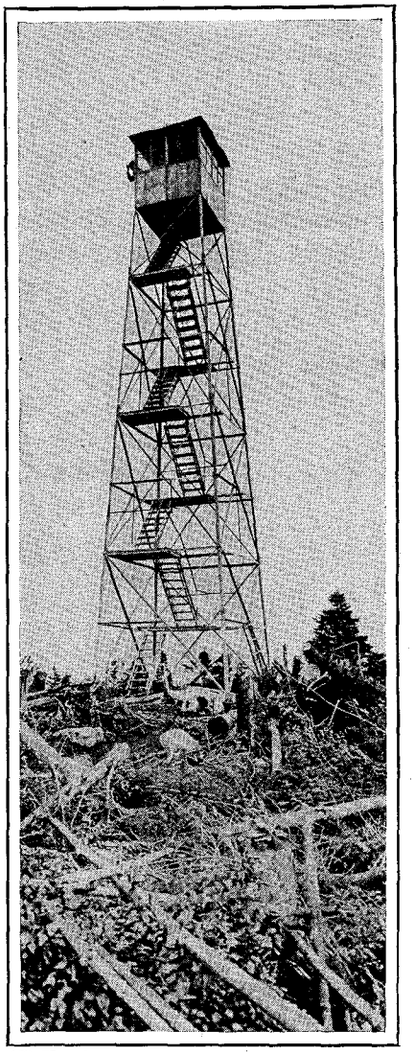
FOR at least three decades public attention has been called to the dangerous diminution of American forest resources. It is estimated that three-fifths of our original timber supply is gone. We are using the remainder much faster than it is being replaced. Over half is on the Pacific coast, distant from the main consuming regions. The total is estimated at 2,215,000,000,000 feet board measure, while we are using and burning 56,000,000,000 feet a year.

Depletion is not confined to saw timber. We have long since ceased to be self-supporting in news-print paper and now import two-thirds of our supply, although this is partly due to neglect of Western resources. Turpentine and resin production has fallen off fifty per cent. Great wood-using industries are finding their local supplies low and cannot move readily to Western fields. They will do so to a considerable extent, with less danger of being again stranded because by reason of climate, rapid-growing species, and natural reproduction the Western forests are destined to be the Nation's great permanent wood-lot; but without help this will be an overtaxed wood-lot and it will always suffer transportation handicaps. Being mostly coniferous, it offers small solution to the hardwood problem, the most serious of all from the replacement view-point.

The trouble does not lie in the use of our forest resources, but in not using our forest-growing land to replace them. We have 326,000,000 acres of cut-over lands, to which we are adding 5,000,000 acres a year by fire and cutting. Much is restocking satisfactorily, but much is not, while 81,000,000 acres are said to have practically no new forest growth. If kept producing to anything like its capacity, this enormous area, largely useless for other purposes, might together with our uncut areas supply us amply and permanently. It is not being so kept, mainly because of fire, tax laws penalizing private forest growing, and ignorance generally of the whole story of forest reproduction.

Forest fires are being combated to an increasing extent, especially on the Pacific coast, where in 1919 private owners alone spent $1,000,000 in highly organized effort in co-operation with States and Government; but hazard also grows with human population and activity, so the struggle is like that of armor-plate with ordnance. The damage remains appalling beyond the comprehension of the lay population. As Colonel Greeley, Chief Forester for the United States, points out, accomplishment in timber production will long be measured by the reduction of fire loss, because every other factor is insignificant in comparison. Incomplete records for 1919 show 27,000 fires and 8,500,000 acres burned over. Millions of acres were burned without record. However we may advocate other forestry steps, they seem inconsistent before we safeguard either our merchantable timber or the one hundred and thirty million odd acres of restocking land, which alone can bridge the gap until there is adjustment to a sustained yield.

This tremendous National resource of potential forest land that might take care of our wants is largely wasted, not through any one's deliberate selfishness, but because neither private nor public action has had opportunity to proceed in an intelligent, comprehensive way. The necessity of preventing "timber famine" has been preached until unquestioned by the veriest school-child. Yet for the first time in its history, after years of agitation and controversy, and although it is the greatest wood-using and wood-selling nation, the United States seems now within measurable distance of an American forest policy which permits the private, State, and Federal agencies involved to take the



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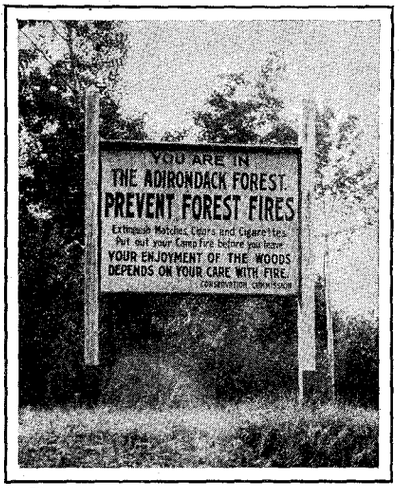
GUARDING THE NATION'S WOOD-LOT *(Continued)*

steps essential to continuous forest production. We seem at last to have realized that, instead of argument and recrimination addressed to each particular offender, the real need is for such a policy, publicly indorsed, as will give each of these agencies to understand its rights and responsibilities and assurance that its efforts will be reciprocated by the others, and therefore successful.

The forest problem has always had State and Federal recognition in limited and uncorrelated form, resulting in various unsystematic public activities, of which the creation and administration of the National Forests is the most important. But the situation of private forest lands continued very generally to be treated by pleas and threats, alike offering no real assistance but assuming it to be a class problem,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A SIGN TO WARN CAMPERS AND TOURISTS AGAINST CARELESSNESS WHILE IN THE WOODS

with lumbermen alone guilty of any delinquency. Meanwhile lumbermen were becoming themselves sincerely interested, but fearful of a movement in which they were denied recognition except as alleged public enemies. The second notable step in National forest policy, the National Forest system being first, seems to have been reached in recognition that solution lies in constructive co-operation between all three agencies mutually interested—Federal, State, and private—to reach a definite programme under which the total effort required shall be clearly pictured and the distribution of effort made on a basis of equity, consistency, and sound economics assuring its permanence.

Measures to this end were recommended to the Senate last June by the United States Forest Service. Notable response to the movement has been made by the other groups interested, including private forest owners, who were, indeed, the first, several years ago, to advocate it as the only solution of a problem otherwise likely to lead to hopeless conflict of State and Federal police power in independent attempts at regulation. The result, final as far as it can be lacking action by Congress,

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GUARDING THE NATION'S WOOD-LOT *(Continued)*

was agreement, in New York on Octo ber 15, upon a proposed specific Fe eral legislative policy, closely in ac cord with that recommended by th Forest Service and having the ful indorsement of Chief Forester Greeley by accredited representatives of the fol lowing elements:

The National Lumber Manufacturers and American Paper and Pulp Associa tions on behalf of the forest-owning in dustries; the Association of Wood-Usin Industries for the great consuming in dustries; the National Wholesale Lum ber Dealers' Association for lumbe distributers; the National Newspaper Publishers' Association for the public press; and the United States Chamber of Commerce and American Forestry Association for the general consuming and taxpaying public.

Primary provisions of this programme are for a considerable extension of direct Federal activity in forest ownership and production and for clearly defined methods of development with Federal aid and correlation of such systematic State policies in the several forested regions as, being consistent with local conditions and State responsibility, shall bring about adequate forest protection and reproduction in the interest of these States and of the public at large.

With these aims, it provides specifically through co-operation between Government, States, and timber-land owners for adequate protection against forest fires, for reforestation of denuded lands, for obtaining essential information as to forest conditions, for study of forest taxation, for extension of National Forests, and for other steps essential to continuous forest production on lands chiefly suitable for this purpose.

Congress will have for its consideration a general bill thus outlining the features of a complete Federal policy, while items in the Agricultural Appropriation Bill for the work of the Forest Service will be in conformity therewith. Whether or not this policy so long needed is adopted presumably depends largely upon the public interest evinced. Some expenditure is required, but the method proposed will cost far less than any other which has been suggested, and the comparatively small sum required will be more than returned to the taxpayers in the form of lower prices of wood products.

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cann undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or informati resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special servic All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New Yor

SCATTERING THE RISK

EVERY one is familiar with the old saying that it is a wise plan not to carry all one's eggs in one basket. If the basket breaks, it requires little imagination to picture the result. Results even more disastrous may flow from an accident to a financial basket containing all of one's investment eggs, and it is for this reason that bankers usually recommend that investments be diversified. If a man invests his all in the securities of one corporation and that corporation fails, he may lose everything he has saved. If, however, he divides his savings among the securities of a number of companies, he will lose if one of them fails, but he will still have something If he diversifies his investments, he scatters his risk, obviously it is the part of prudence to follow this course.

How should he go about it? In the first place, he diversify his investments geographically. The various sect of the United States are dependent on different things for t prosperity; manufacturing in New England and the East, instance, cotton in the South, agriculture in the Middle W lumber in the Northwest, cattle in the West. This division be enlarged, of course, but it serves as an example. The

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ure of the cotton crop may affect the cotton-mills of New England as well as the States where cotton is grown; but all the mills in New England are not cotton-mills, and it would take more than this one thing to cause serious concern for the whole manufacturing district. So, while the various sections of the United States are dependent upon one another in large degree, still they are not entirely so, and by investing in the securities of industries located at different geographical points it is possible for one to scatter his risk. Suppose, for example, a man were looking for railway securities; railways, as every one knows, are dependent upon freight for their principal source of revenue, and the character of the freight they carry depends upon the products of the districts they serve. In one case the freight may be largely wheat, in another cattle, or automobiles, or lumber, or coal. If business drops off in one of these districts, the volume of freight declines in proportion, and the result is lower earnings. This is plain enough, and the way to guard against such eventualities is to scatter the risk by a geographical distribution of investments.

Now after the risk is scattered geographically it is possible to diversify it still further in a given area. In every geographical district there are enterprises of varying kinds; railways, for instance, public utilities, banks, concerns engaged in manufacturing, and of course there are the bonds issued by the States and municipalities in that district. Circumstances might develop which would embarrass the whole section, but the activities being carried on there would not all be affected in the same degree. Some would suffer more than others, and the man who owned securities of more than one concern would stand just that much better chance of not losing all he had. In other words, diversification of investments can be accomplished in a district just as in the country as a whole.

Marketability is something to consider in this connection. Some securities have a broader market—are easier to sell—than others. And when there is a broad market for a security it usually sells at a higher price than one for which there is little demand. It therefore yields less, and return must as a rule be sacrificed for marketability. As a general rule, however, it seems to us that a person with little money and liable to need that money at some unexpected time should consider only securities that are readily salable for his first investments. When the number and amount of his holdings have grown, he can, in all probability, afford to invest part of his capital in securities which he will never have to convert into cash. He can therefore scatter his risk among marketable securities and those difficult to sell, obtaining a much higher yield on the latter class than is probably possible in the case of the former. But every man should bear in mind that the day may come when he will need ready money, need it desperately perhaps, and he would do well, therefore, always to keep sufficient of his funds invested in securities on which cash may be realized quickly. An-

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

other thing: if a loan is to be n gotiated at the bank, far better term can be had when marketable securitie are offered as collateral than is po sible when the collateral consists o securities for which there is littl demand.

The three main points to keep i mind, therefore, when the risk is t be scattered by a diversification of in vestments are: first, geographical dis tribution; second, distribution amon various industries in a given area; and third, marketability. A woman recentl sent us a list of her investment holding and asked our opinion regarding addi tional purchases. She had quite a enviable list of bonds, but they wer all of the same kind; not of the sam corporation, but of corporations all en gaged in the same kind of business. Her risk was scattered geographically, but it was, after all, more or less th same risk wherever it was. And as i happened, this class of corporation were all subject to the same influences which affected them practically alike.

Like most good things, diversifica tion may be carried to an extreme. The objection of all the eggs in one basket would scarcely apply to the United States Government bonds, for example, and yet one of our readers wrote us that he did not think he ought to buy any more Liberty Bonds because he wanted to scatter his risk. These bonds are the obligation of the *whole* United States, not any one part of it; they are themselves probably as diversified a risk as it is possible to obtain, and if the whole country should go to smash United States Government bonds would be the last obligations to default.

Sums can also be divided into unnecessarily small units. If a man has $1,000 to invest, for instance, and puts it into the $100 bonds of ten different companies, he has ten companies' financial affairs to watch. One-hundred-dollar bonds usually sell higher than the larger pieces, too, and for this reason he may sacrifice a considerable return if he favors them too frequently in preference to the larger denominations. Not that $100 bonds are bad things. On the contrary, it is difficult to conceive of any better investments for the beginner or the man of moderate means.

There is little difference of opinion about the advisability of scattering investment risk in this way, and certainly most people practice it who are accustomed to buying securities. It is very common to hear a man say, in reference to some bond or stock, "Yes, I know it's good, but I've got some already and don't think I ought to put any more money into that particular thing." The objection may be made that the chances of gain are lessened by diversifying one's investments, just as are the risks of loss. This may possibly be true; but the aim of investing is not to speculate for profit, but to guard against possible loss. And in the long run the latter course is almost universally the more profitable.

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UDGED BY HIS CABINET

EPORTS are daily more frequent that the President-elect will put in his abinet men whose sole claim to office service to the party, regardless of eir fitness for the positions.

Does this mean that we are to see lessrs. Root, Wood, and Hoover passed ver—three statesmen supreme in their espective spheres—and the posts of ecretary of State, War, and Interior iven as a reward to those who swung pivotal State or delivered a delegation o Mr. Harding? Is a man to be made ttorney-General whose single claim to he position is that his cynical predic- ion came true that the selection of the epublican candidate would be made, ot by the rank and file of the party, ut by a little group of professional olitic ians sitting in a smoke-laden oom in the Blackstone Hotel in Chi- ago at 2:11 A.M.?

No one knows the international situ- tion better than Mr. Root, no one has ad more practical experience in foreign ffairs. No one is more fitted to direct he War Department than General Wood. And who has shown such con- tructive ability and sane understanding f the country's economic needs as Mr. Hoover?

The objection is raised: "The politi- ians do not want these men."

Are we, for that reason, to bow down ur heads in silence?

1912, 1916, 1920—thrice the leaders f reaction have been blind. To-day hey take to themselves the credit of Mr. Harding's victory, thinking it was due to *their* sagacity and *their* skill, whereas in point of fact it was due to he silent sick man in Washington.

Failure to give the country the benefit f the services of Messrs. Root, Wood, and Hoover will mean that Mr. Harding will lose the confidence of the great ass of the Republican party before even he takes the oath of office.

New York. NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.

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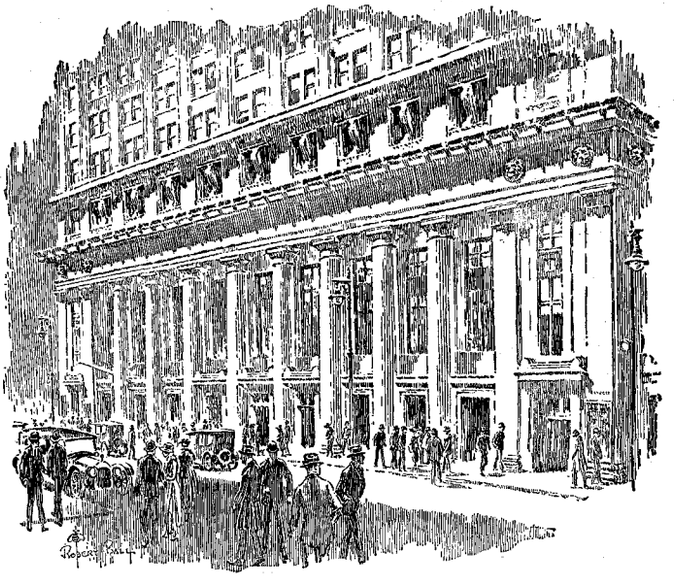

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The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

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The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night; ***making breathing easy,*** relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

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BY THE WAY

AMERICAN parents often deplore the abruptness of their children's speech, but few American children would venture to address their parents in the incisive language sometimes used in the Gladstone family, as indicated in a recent book by Mary Drew, Mr. Gladstone's daughter. It bored Mr. Gladstone, she says, to hear people apologetically differ—"My dearest love, I really think you are wrong," etc. "He thought it more to the point to be short and sharp—'A lie!' It is impossible to forget Lord Morley's face," adds Mrs. Drew, "when he first heard one of us say to Mr. Gladstone—'A lie!'" This freedom of expression half startled and shocked guests at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's daughter observes, but it broke the seriousness of discussion and "put every one in good humor."

One of Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughters, Mrs. Drew relates in illustrating another aspect of the great statesman's character, had lost a pet robin and had given the bird a solemn funeral, finally laying a cross of flowers on the grave. On the same day came the news of President Carnot's assassination. In talking of the event with a visitor Mr. Gladstone asked with great earnestness, "Did he die a Christian?" The little girl, full of her own grief, whispered, "Does he mean the robin?"

The Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn is said to be now the largest Y. M. C. A. organization in the world. A recent membership drive brought its list of members up to 10,018.

"Terribly rough, isn't it?" said the stranger on the ocean liner, as reported in "Everybody's."

"Wal," replied the man from the farm who was going across for the first time, "'twouldn't be so rough if the cap'n would only keep in the furrows!"

How far should a writer of an article intended for popular consumption go in introducing unfamiliar words? Where is the line to be drawn between pedantry and exactness of expression? Does the really great writer demand an excursion to the dictionary at least once for every page? Readers of an entertaining and suggestive article on "Old Age" in the January "Atlantic" may find these questions presenting themselves as they strike such lingual snags, in the otherwise smooth current of their reading, as "gerontology," "paidology," "endocrine," "soma," "senectitude," "phyletic," and "goru."

A newspaper paragraph announces the death of "the last surviving participant in the famous race between the steamers Robert E. Lee and Natchez in 1870 from New Orleans to St. Louis." Mark Twain gives an interesting account of this race in his "Life on the Mississippi." The R. E. Lee, which won the race, went from New Orleans to Cairo, he says, in three days and one hour. Seventeen years before, however, the Eclipse made the journey in three days three hours and twenty minutes—a faster trip than the Lee's, according to the humorist. He proves the assertion in this way: In the Eclipse's day the Mississippi's course between the two ports was 1,080 miles; her speed was therefore about 14⅜ miles an hour. In the Lee's time the river had shortened its course to 1,030 miles; her speed was therefore only 14⅛ miles an hour.

The races between the Mississippi steamers in the old days, says Mark Twain, were not always to the swift. Pilots, he maintains, were not all alike, and the smartest pilot would win the race. If one of the boats had a "lightning" pilot, with a genius for steering, he might send his craft in ahead of the better boat. Much depended, too, on the "stripping" of the boat—*i. e.*, the ridding it of useless incumbrances. When the Eclipse ran its great race, says the humorist, it was asserted that pains were taken to scrape the gilding off the fanciful device that hung between the steamer's chimneys, and that for that one trip the captain left off his kid gloves and had his head shaved!

First Merchant (as reported in the New York "Trade Record")—"How's business?"

Second Merchant—"Picking up a little. One of our men got a $5,000 order yesterday."

"Go away. I don't believe that."

"Honest he did—I'll show you the cancellation."

There is an astonishing variety of dates, according to a new book on "Tropical and Sub-Tropical Fruits." Several thousand varieties of the fruit have been recognized. Those of commercial importance, however, are limited to a few score. The most widely sold are called "Halawi," but it is said these dates are not esteemed by the Arabs, who grow them for export. Many of the nomad tribes prefer a "dry" date, while the American market is accustomed only to "soft" or "wet" dates. Americans who have eaten good dry dates often prefer them, it is said, to the soft variety.

Arabia, it may be remarked in connection with the above paragraph, contains possibly the greatest tract of unexplored territory now existing in the world. According to one authority, no European traveler has penetrated more than a hundred miles from the coast, except at one or two points, in the vast southern half of the peninsula, where about 750,000 square miles of territory (largely desert) remain unexplored.

"My father," says the college joker as reported by the "Harvard Lampoon," "weighed only four pounds when he was born."

"Good heavens! Did he live?" says college joker No. 2.

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